

AUG 19 1960

STATE LIBRARY

MODERN AGE

A CONSERVATIVE REVIEW

Volume 4

SUMMER 1960

Number 3



George Romney—

The Challenge of the 'Sixties

Paul Peeters—

John Foster Dulles: The Man and His Work

ART AND ARCHITECTURE:

James Brophy—

The Anti-Intellectualism of Contemporary Architecture

Geoffrey Wagner—

The Organized Heresy: Abstract Art in the United States

Peter Viereck—

The Crack-Up of American Optimism

*Dean Terrill—*The Critical Process of Conservatism

*Walter E. Spahr—*The Gold Standard and its Significance

Gandhi and Indian Nationalism: Two Rejoinders

*Stanley Parry—*Conservatism and the Social Bond

Felix Morley—

The Actuality of Calhoun

*Richard M. Weaver—*Illusions of Illusion

The Burke Newsletter

\$1.25 the copy

\$4.00 the year

MODERN AGE

A Conservative Review



EDITORIAL ADVISORS:

Rudolf Allers

Donald Davidson

Eugene Davidson

Ludwig Freund

Lynn Harold Hough

James J. Kilpatrick

John A. Lukacs

William M. McGovern

Frank S. Meyer

Felix Morley

Wilhelm Röpke

Harry Rudin

Leo R. Ward

Frederick Wilhelmsen

Francis Graham Wilson

MANAGING EDITOR:

Charles E. Lee

ASSOCIATE EDITORS:

Kenneth Colegrove

Eliseo Vivas

Richard M. Weaver

PUBLISHER AND ASSOCIATE EDITOR:

David S. Collier

THE INSTITUTE FOR PHILOSOPHICAL AND HISTORICAL STUDIES:

President

Robert V. Jones

Executive Director

David S. Collier

Directors

Louis H. T. Dehmlow

Robert V. Jones

Paul T. Kessler

Frank F. Kolbe

Ellerton A. Lodge

Henry Regnery

Dean Terrill

David S. Collier

Published under auspices of the INSTITUTE FOR PHILOSOPHICAL AND HISTORICAL STUDIES, INC.

Volume 4, Number 3, Summer 1960, published quarterly under the auspices of the Institute for Philosophical and Historical Studies, Inc., 64 E. Jackson Blvd., Chicago 4, Ill., U.S.A. Second Class Postage paid at Chicago, Ill. and other mailing offices. Subscriptions: 1 yr.—\$4.00, 2 yrs.—\$7.00, 3 yrs.—\$10.00; add 50 cents per year for Canadian and foreign postage; individual copies—\$1.25. Address all correspondence to the above address. Articles in this periodical do not necessarily represent either the views of the Institute, or of the editors. The editors are responsible for selection and acceptance of articles; responsibility for opinions expressed and accuracy of facts in articles published rest solely with individual authors. The editors are not responsible for unsolicited manuscripts; unaccepted manuscripts will be returned if accompanied by a stamped return envelope. MODERN AGE is indexed by the Public Affairs Information Service. Printed by Wayside Press, Mendota, Ill., U.S.A.

Copyright ©1960 by the Institute for Philosophical and Historical Studies, Inc. All rights reserved. Reproduction of less than 200 words may be made without specific permission of the publisher, provided MODERN AGE is duly credited and two copies of the publication in which such material appears are forwarded to MODERN AGE.

CONTENTS

Summer 1960
Volume 4, Number 3

This and Other Issues	226	
The Challenge of the Sixties	229	GEORGE ROMNEY
John Foster Dulles: The Man and His Work	235	PAUL PEETERS
The Salvo (story)	243	VYASCHESLAV ARTEMIEV
 <i>Art and Architecture—</i>		
The Anti-Intellectualism of Contemporary Architecture	255	JAMES BROPHY
The Organized Heresy: Abstract Art in the United States	260	GEOFFREY WAGNER
The Crack-Up of American Optimism: Vachel Lindsay, Dante of the Fundamentalists	269	PETER VIERECK
The Critical Process of Conservatism	286	DEAN TERRILL
The Election Sermon: Sample and Symbol	292	STEWART M. ROBINSON
The Gold Standard and Its Significance	297	WALTER E. SPAHR
Gandhi and Indian Nationalism: Two Rejoinders	302	PYARELAL and RAMASHRAY ROY
 <i>Reviews—</i>		
Conservatism and the Social Bond	306	STANLEY PARRY
The Actuality of Calhoun	312	FELIX MORLEY
Illusions of Illusion	316	RICHARD M. WEAVER
The Achievement of Faulkner	321	RANDALL STEWART
Roche's Sophocles	324	GARRY WILLS
The Persistence of Tragedy	326	C. CARTER COLWELL
The Burke Newsletter, No. 5	329	
 <i>Correspondence—</i>		
Edward W. Russell	334	
Larry Smith	334	
Stephen B. Miller	335	
Sheri Martinelli	335	
Notes on Contributors	336	
 <i>Verse—</i>		
On the Road to Segovia and Back	254	ANTHONY KERRIGAN
Whatever Made Tertullian Rave	268	SAMUEL HAZO
Restoration	285	JACK LINDEMAN
Wind	296	JOHN L'HEUREUX

This

and Other Issues

When Conservatives Disagree

IT SHOULD SURPRISE no one that conservatives sometimes disagree, not only on specific issues but also on seemingly basic principles. As James Burnham writes in *Congress and the American Tradition*, "Some hold, for example, that conservatism is based ultimately on an individualist philosophy; others, that it rests on an 'organic' view of society; still others that its roots are theological." To be sure, Mr. Burnham lists thirteen different attitudes which distinguish conservatives from liberals; but even here, at the level of day-by-day action, he will commit himself only so far as to say that these attitudes are "elements or symptoms that often (though not always) occur together."

While conservatives go about the task of establishing and exploring the meaning of their community, it is good for them to keep Mr. Burnham's cautionary parenthesis in mind. Conservatives do not always agree with each other. This seems to us both obvious and salutary, and we would not mention it, were it not for the fact that ever so often one of our friends, finding himself unable to concur with what a fel-

low conservative has said in *MODERN AGE*, writes in to express not only surprise but hurt dismay.

When conservatives become aware of disagreement among themselves, it seems to us, they are likely to proceed in one of two self-damaging ways. The easiest way is simply for us to deny the name conservative to anyone who does not see things in exactly the same way we do. This method of attaining conservative purity—by the excommunication of those in partial or temporary dissent—tends to result in the establishment of rival conservatisms, each under the leadership of little popes engaged in the enunciation of infallible dogma. Such an attempt to establish unity leads in fact to disunity—to the cherishing of minor disagreement, at the expense of broader and stronger community.

A second way of dealing with intra-conservative disagreement, is to say that such disagreement is one of appearance only—implying that once a new Burke has arisen to clarify our thinking and to mediate our arguments, we shall see conservatism as it really is and no longer have any doubts about who we are and what we should do, about who is with us and who is against us. This demand for a credo to overwhelm us with perfect certainty veils, it seems to us, a basic irresponsibility, since it postpones commitment to conservatism to a non-existent future, unencumbered by the problems of here and now. While we hesitate to act, because disagreement raises shades of doubt among ourselves, we leave our opponents free to institutionalized values that all of us agree are false.

A third way of dealing with conservative disagreement is to accept it wholeheartedly as a means of determining where we are and of where we go from here. Our fundamental strength lies in the fact that

so many, who only a few years ago would have shied away from the name, take pride today, in spite of their disagreement, in calling themselves conservative. The diversity of our philosophical positions, our difference in attitude, our divergences on particular programs of action find their common ground in their denial of the values espoused by our opponents. While the thirteen elements of Mr. Burnham's "conservative syndrome" do not always occur together or present a picture of rigid logical consistency, each of them finds its corresponding opposite in one of the thirteen elements of the "liberal syndrome." To say this is not to admit for a moment the contention of the liberals that conservatives are nothing more than a body of bickerers united only in opposition. Rather it is to proclaim that the variety of positions from which conservatism can demonstrate the fallacies of liberalism is testimony to the vitality and resources of the former and the weakness of the latter.

CONSERVATISM can profit from disagreement frankly admitted and honestly debated. A position worth holding is worth arguing; a position that cannot withstand criticism is not worth holding. Two men who reach similar conclusions on the basis of seemingly opposed philosophies may well discover through the examination of each other's point of view that their philosophies have unsuspected kinship. Two men who advance opposing programs on the basis of the same philosophical assumptions have grounds for hoping that discussion will reveal faulty reasoning on the part of one or both—or, better yet, find out that their common philosophic approach implies a broader program embodying values that were only seemingly in conflict. We need not fear debate among ourselves. Honest disagreement, openly expressed and explored, can only result in

greater conservative unity: surface disagreement will be resolved in fundamental agreement; fundamental disagreement will take care of itself by voluntary resignation from the conservative movement. Dishonest disagreement, when challenged to debate, will reveal itself for the fraud that it is.

The vitality and further development of the conservative movement, in other words, depend upon our accepting it as it is now—with all its apparent inconsistencies. The time may come when conservatism can set forth a completely logical program based on consistent attitudes derived from self-evident philosophical assumptions—although, knowing the capacity of truth for encompassing ambiguity, we doubt it. Until that day, conservatism need not be ashamed of being what it is: a broad unity expressing a general point of view, defined at different moments and under differing circumstances by agreement among different people, and refined and criticized by a loyal opposition.

Honest agreement and honest disagreement are both good; and—if we may restate the verse from St. Matthew's gospel in positive form—sufficient unto the day is the good thereof.

IN THIS SUMMER ISSUE, our readers will find, we hope, much to agree with—and enough to disagree with to stimulate "The Critical Process of Conservatism" called for in Dean Terrill's essay of that name and in our paragraphs above. Two of our articles, George Romney's "The Challenge of the Sixties," and Walter Spahr's "The Gold Standard and Its Significance," are concerned with the relationship of economic and political laws to human freedom. Few conservatives will quarrel with the ends they have in view; but some will take exception to the specific means they propose.

All conservatives despise the Communist callous disregard for truth and the value of the individual, exemplified so powerfully in Vyaschelav Artemiev's short story, "The Salvo"; but not all will agree with Paul Peeters ("The Achievement of John Foster Dulles") that the late Secretary of State's method of dealing with Communist evil was ideal.

Most conservatives, being fond of the traditional, will approve of James D. Brophy's and Geoffrey Wagner's strictures against contemporary architecture and art; but we number among our acquaintances at least one conservative who reads his Burke and Kirk with no apparent ill-effect in the midst of an ultra-modern decor, and another who, despite his admiration for the old masters, speaks with enthusiasm of the new Guggenheim Museum and its contents.

Quite a number of our friends will object strongly to portions of Peter Viereck's brilliant and provocative essay on Vachel Lindsay. We publish it, not because we approve of it in toto, and not because we agree throughout with Mr. Viereck's brand of conservatism; his habit of putting the adjective "new" before the noun betrays, we think, the tendency toward splinter-conservatism that we have deplored above. His essay, however, seems to us an important one, since American conservatism must overcome the proclivity for splitting into "eastern" and "western" wings which

Mr. Viereck both talks about and exemplifies, and since Americans generally, for their own viability, must develop a realistic optimism to replace the naive optimism that "cracked up," if Mr. Viereck is correct in his analysis, about the time of Lindsay's death.

Dissent to an earlier article in *MODERN AGE* is made explicit in "Gandhi and Indian Nationalism: Two Rejoinders," by Pyarelal, who served Gandhi as personal secretary, and Ramashray Roy, an Indian national in residence at the University of California.

In our book review section, one conservative is discussed with qualified approval, and another with unqualified admiration; an anti-conservative is given the dressing-down he deserves; and we are presented with three different views of tragedy, the are form most keenly aware of human fallibility.

Conscious of human fallibility and of the capacity of sincere men for personalizing their agreements and disagreements, we are glad to be reminded by S. M. Robinson's "The Election Sermon: Sample and Symbol" that "when laws rule, men do not," and to realize that impersonal law, however much it hopes to mirror the certainty of eternal verities, is the product of disagreement resolved in agreement brought about by discussion.

—C. E. L.

MODERN AGE

A Conservative Review



The Challenge of the Sixties

GEORGE ROMNEY

*Today, as in the time of the Founding Fathers,
American freedom depends upon the proper diffusion
and right use of power.*

WHEN WE SPEAK of challenges, I think we mean both threat and opportunity—or, as Mr. Nehru puts it, peril and adventure. Several years ago our company, American Motors, became keenly aware that challenge was a two-edged sword. One edge meant extinction, the other offered unusual

success. Fortunately, we were able to muster the will to accept the challenge and meet it.

It appears now that the sixties may present exactly the same sort of challenge to the American people: to fulfill further the ideal of freedom and human brotherhood

for which I believe we are destined, or to fail as we sit indifferently comfortable. I think that in all the great adventures of life we face the possibility of failure as well as success; if we do not, we are taking life too easily and avoiding the issues.

In his recent fine novel, *Advise and Consent*, Allen Drury has the Senate leader Bob Munson say this:

The whole story of the operation of the American government is the story of the deliberate diffusion of power; the whole story of the life of the American government is the story between the deliberate diffusion of power, which in and of itself is perhaps the most brilliant device for the protection of liberty ever conceived by free men, and the deliberate concentration of power which free men have often deemed necessary to preserve liberty. . . . If either diffusion or concentration were to win the battle once and for all, then I think freedom would finally be gone and the great dream of liberty within discipline which is America would be gone forever.

At only one or two times during our history have we been in danger of losing freedom through too great diffusion of power. Certainly this was true under the Articles of the Confederation, before the Founders were able to provide us with a "more perfect union" under the Constitution. Perhaps also a too great weakening of the central authority was threatened by the tariff controversies of the 1830's and by the slavery extension quarrels of the 1850's. What is manifestly evident, however, is that during this century, and especially during the last decades, concentration of power, rather than its diffusion, has become the great danger.

We face the early prospect, it seems to me, of concentration winning once and for all. As a people generally we seem little concerned. Even more disturbing, our

leadership seems hardly concerned at all. How is it that our forbears were so sensitive to power, and we have grown so forgetful? If you will read the record of the Constitutional Convention, you will find that the problem of the concentration of power was the heart of the discussion.

I THINK these are some of the reasons why we have grown so indifferent to the question of power:

First: The material abundance produced by freedom has caused us to confuse bigness and power. Bigness and its benefits are cited as justification of what has become excess power in too many instances. All you have to do today is to criticize this power problem and somebody says: "Yes, but we have to have bigness to have efficiency."

Second: There is the theory of countervailing power—that one big power group offsets another. This is the "balance of power" theory. It has always failed. And today the balancing of excess industry power with excess union power is threatening us with permanent concentration of excess government power.

Third: The complexity and magnitude of our present problems create individual confusion, uncertainty, and irresponsibility. Because all progress starts with the capacity of individuals, this situation must be corrected through citizens informing themselves and leaders helping citizens to inform themselves so that, in exercising their responsibility, citizens can see to it that concentration does not win by default.

Fourth: Indifference and apathy have resulted simply from our extraordinary abundance and superficial security. Most civilizations have expired on the bed of luxury. America has a great opportunity to create a great new age by resisting this historical temptation.

Is anything plainer in history than the

fact that concentrated power, whether it is "countervailing" power or not, always finds its expression sooner or later in domination? This is what our forefathers thought. In my judgment, we are face to face with the dangers of such domination.

Excessive power on the part of industry required reforms that reduced that power and opened the door to greater power for unions. In the process, our laws became two-faced, banning monopoly power in the marketplace, but inducing it in collective bargaining. The last steel strike was a forceful illustration of the result. The powerful unions banded together. The steel industry massed itself. And there they stood—two massive antagonists, both far greater in their strength than some foes whose struggles have changed the course of civilization.

Must we wait for a whole series of national emergencies such as the steel strike to throttle us before we act? Isn't it far wiser to tackle the *causes* of such emergencies before others arise? The discouraging thing to me is that no one of political consequence discusses how we can prevent such national emergencies, but only what we do when one occurs.

The essence of Americanism is to keep all power—private or public power—from reaching the point where it can create national emergencies. Yet there is no discussion of this to speak of in this country today.

THOSE WHO CLAIM to believe in the collective-bargaining process and urge final government authority must fail to see that such a step in reality means the end of collective bargaining and the acceptance of collective bludgeoning, with a big club in the hands of a power-controlled government.

Instead of reasoned bargaining between parties having an intimate mutuality of interest, we must then inevitably bow to "bargaining" by force. The play will be

to construct tremendous aggregations of strength, either to overpower the adversary, or to be in power in case the power invoked by a national emergency is used by the government.

The real goal then is becoming perfectly obvious—control of Congress and the White House, and the battle between unions and business for that control.

This is statism. Both labor and management must recognize that the real issue is not labor versus management but the state against freedom. If we take the absolute-authority approach of more government control, we are accepting statism.

To prevent the replacement of competition by absolute authority, it is necessary to prohibit joint bargaining on the part of large employers in our basic industries, as well as joint bargaining on the part of unions representing the employees of large concerns.

Outside of the craft and service industries, we must bring collective bargaining back to the facts of the individual competing enterprise. That is where the mutual interest of labor, management, and capital is at its maximum, and that is where the limits of their power should be.

In a competitive economy power struggles such as we have seen in recent years are comparable to all the linemen on the football teams in the Big Ten Conference joining the linemen's union, and all the backfield men joining the management association—deciding that their conflicting interests are more important than their mutual team interests. Such an arrangement would be no more fantastic than what we have in America as a result of labor laws premised on the principle of monopoly, which encourage collective bargaining on a monopolistic basis, and which embody the fatal principle of class conflict. What is needed is to break up these warring monopolistic powers and re-establish the

area of mutual interest between labor and management, and between unions and capital, in this country.

One of factors that prevents needed action in the collective bargaining field is the public misconception that bigness is necessary for both unionism and industry in order to guarantee fairness of competition. There is, of course, some basis for union and public opinion that colossal industrial power necessitates colossal union power; but the truth of the matter is that neither power is justified. To permit, in the name of competition, the establishment of a union monopoly to offset a real or threatened management monopoly is confusion of the worst sort.

The splitting of a monopoly into two unnaturally opposed complexes does nothing to destroy the evil of the monopoly—as is clearly seen when the two opposing powers come to agreement at the expense of the public and the national economy. This is not the preservation of the competitive principle, but its reverse. I believe that our antitrust laws, which were enacted in our early stages of industrial development, need to be modernized and strengthened to cope with the new problems created by the embodiment into national law of false interpretations of the competitive principle.

This economy of ours is only about sixty years old. It is new. It is in its earliest stages of development. To think that we have perfected laws on our statute books to deal with the type of economy that has evolved is naive. I think we need to review those laws in terms of what we have today instead of what existed back in the last century and in the twenties and thirties.

THERE IS a widespread belief today that the success of small firms in meeting the competition of large competitors is evidence of the continued virility and ade-

quacy of our economic system. While it is reassuring to many to hear an interpretation of the success of smaller companies, yet I am too familiar with the realities of our present economic system to permit this interpretation to go unchallenged.

Unquestionably the survival of smaller companies shows that there is still competitive opportunity for smaller units even in an industry dominated by large firms. However, unless the competitive principle ceases to operate in our economy, there will certainly be corporate fatalities in the future. For a primary function of the competitive principle is to reward those who excel in meeting consumer preferences and to punish those who are less able to do so. After you have been at the bottom of the industrial league for a while, you are eliminated from the league by economic death. It is rougher than being at the bottom of a baseball league.

I believe that this function of the competitive principle is vital—absolutely vital—to the continuation of a vigorous economy. I believe that the penalty for competitive failure should be corporate death. And I am opposed to companies or individuals seeking to saddle the general public with the cost of their survival through special interest legislation or administrative action.

Yet the history of several of our large basic industries indicates that the competitive principle must operate in such a way that its function of economic death is offset by a compensating function of economic birth—if we are to retain the minimum number of competing enterprises necessary for the vigorous competition that produces economic progress and preserves the public confidence in the competitive principle as the primary means of economic discipline.

Lack of such public confidence and discipline would end in the substitution of the only other possible form of discipline for an economy—absolute authority. There are

only these two means of disciplining an economy—the principle of competition, in which the power is in the hands of people as consumers—or absolute authority, either in the government or in private cartels, or in a combination of those two patterns.

It is all very well to speak smugly of the virtues of competition and to assume that all you have to do is to applaud it and be in favor of it. If we believe in competition, we must give it more than lip service and actively seek to keep it vigorous and fight the forces that seek to restrain it.

I have made some specific proposals in this area. Under them, a company would be as large as the nature of the industry required for efficient competitive operation, and no arbitrary limit is suggested. The essence of the problem lies in determining the degree of economic control or power permissible in a competitive economy.

DURING THE COMING decade, I believe we will either meet the present challenges arising from our past progress by building a new and stronger foundation for economic freedom and well-being, or we will fail in this opportunity and cripple our future economic development by expanding the role of government.

In my judgment, there are three fundamental tasks which we must accomplish.

First, as I have just outlined, we must undertake a more complete development of the competitive principle as it applies to our industrial activity. I think this is necessary to maintain public confidence in competition as the primary means of consumer protection and national economic discipline.

Second, we must eliminate the present basic conflict between competition and monopoly in our national economic policy. I think that it is necessary to preserve collective bargaining, including the right of unions to strike. The exercise of union and

employer power through the bargaining process must, however, be made subject to the competitive principle and therefore to the discipline of consumer decision, if collective bargaining is to remain free of government decision and control.

Third, we must develop a new and higher level of citizenship, reversing our growing tendency to participate in political and public affairs according to our organized economic interests. I think a further growth of union and business participation in politics would not only pervert our economic institutions into semi-political organizations, but also substitute as the basis for political action the economic determinism espoused by our enemies. The true basis of American government and society lies in the divine origin of our rights as citizens and our economic rights as workers, consumers, and owners.

I think if a nation wants anything more than freedom, it will lose its freedom, and if it is comfort and security that it wants, the irony of it is that it will lose them, too.

Our enemies have already done a pretty effective job of confusing the basic concepts and understanding of our principles of freedom. "In our country," they say, "people have to sacrifice for the state. In your country, people are free to do whatever they please. Because in Russia we have to sacrifice for the state, Communism is more idealistic than freedom."

The facts are that we believe, because we are children of a Creator, we are obligated to obey the commandments of our Creator as we individually understand them. Because we are children of a divine Creator, we are brothers of all people regardless of race, origin, or creed. Because we have the obligations of brotherhood and as individuals have been given inalienable rights by our Creator, we have government with our consent as citizens. Therefore, government is what we have

consented that it should be—national government, state government, local government. Thus, we have an obligation as citizens to obey our government. This is infinitely greater idealism than the idealism of sacrifice for the state.

I think we must rediscover these obligations. I think we need a spiritual and political recrudescence in America if we are going to keep this country from going down a road engineered by economic determinism. I believe that American citizens must recognize that their citizenship is more important than their economic or political affiliations and that they have an obligation to use their citizenship as chil-

dren of God and as brothers of their fellowman, and not to use their citizenship as businessmen or as union leaders.

I see very little difference personally between the idea of Americans using their political power for economic ends and the Communist party doing substantially the same thing. I think if we can get back to the fundamentals, we can build a greater new age in America and realize our destiny.

I believe our national destiny is to free all men everywhere from bondage—from all forms of bondage—through example and persuasion and by helping them through brotherhood to help themselves.

Wrongs submitted to produce contrary effects in the oppressor and the oppressed. Oppression strengthens and prepares for new oppression; submission debases to farther submission. The first wrong, by the universal law of our nature, is most easily resisted. It excites the greatest degree of union and indignation. Let that be submitted to; let the consequent debasement and loss of national honor be felt, and nothing but the grinding hand of oppression can force to resistance. I know not which to pronounce the most guilty; the nation that inflicts the wrong, or that which quietly submits to it. In other respects the difference is marked. The former may be hated, but is respected, at least feared; while the latter is below pity, and any other feeling of the human heart, but sovereign contempt.—John C. Calhoun, Speech in the U. S. House of Representatives, Feb. 25, 1814.

The public professes to be tired of the policies formulated by our late Secretary of State; but they are still essential for our continued existence.

John Foster Dulles : The Man and His Work

PAUL PEETERS

THE PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION of 1952 marked one of the most significant turning points in American diplomatic history. President Truman's achievements were as real and as great as his failures. His administration had initiated the Marshall Plan, created NATO, and resisted Communist encroachment in Greece, Berlin, and Korea. Yet during 1945-1950 the Soviet Union had succeeded in consolidating its empire in Eastern Europe, and China had been lost. Having relied exclusively on its atomic deterrent, the United States had first dismantled its conventional forces and then hurriedly rebuilt them; but it had been unable to terminate the Korean War or to use its atomic monopoly to deter the aggressor. The high reputation that Truman had acquired abroad by his record was not fully deserved, for it was partly due to his pliancy to every demand made upon American policy by allied countries. At home, his authority had broken down.

By a mysterious disposition of circum-

stances, Adlai Stevenson, the Democratic candidate, had a philosophy of government and of world leadership which embodied the great evils from which the American people—and Harry Truman himself, a rugged politician in the best American tradition—wanted to free themselves. The people wanted realism in foreign policy, and the Democratic Party meant by realism the acceptance of what it called such “unpleasant realities” as the fall of China to the Communists or Soviet domination over Eastern Europe. It stood for freedom, of course, but its doctrine was containment. It was not sure whether Red China had to receive diplomatic recognition, but it had “leashed” Chiang Kai-shek.

The American people also wanted a foreign policy that stood firm on principles. By principles, the Democrats meant anti-colonialism, curbing the national interest, supporting the United Nations, disarmament, displaying a sensitive concern for the problems of others, and similar notions

heavily loaded with moralism which often served to excuse weakness in spite of their validity in theory. In a way, the Democratic Party had been betrayed—and still is—by its intellectual leadership. It lost the election.

The landslide that carried Mr. Eisenhower to the Presidency brought John Foster Dulles to power at the moment when America was finally assuming the full weight of world leadership. The new Secretary of State was not elected by the people; he held his office at Mr. Eisenhower's pleasure. However, the new President had no choice; the Dulles appointment was forced upon him by popular demand. This was in harmony with the Secretary's Olympian character. A man without conceit, he maintained during his entire tenure a detachment born from a realization of his superiority; and his vision was so broad that he never had to worry about criticism. He asserted his authority best in subordination, and his calmness came from the certitude that, despite his critics, he always enjoyed the people's support.

A vociferous minority created the slogan that Eisenhower left U.S. foreign policy to Dulles; it later spoke about the "new Eisenhower" when the President allegedly emancipated himself from Dulles' tutelage. History will tell that the relationship between these two men can be approached only in deep reverence. Towering above feelings, ambitions, and human prejudices, their union was primarily of an intellectual character; in its daily reality, it was movingly human. Glamor annoyed Dulles. He was great and statesmanlike when alone. With Dulles, Eisenhower was truly and completely himself. He relied upon him, and Dulles was faithful to the President. There was nothing, in other words, in Eisenhower's relationship, of a delegation of authority or humiliating dependence.

Rare indeed—even at less exalted levels of human life—could one find the example of a friendship so selfless, so pure, and so fruitful.

The foreign policy of the United States from 1953 to 1959 was their work. Their great achievement was to establish that policy on principles that were explicitly stated, fully recognized, and necessary. These principles had to be upheld; otherwise, the United States would have had no policy at all. By and large, they have not been understood. Much of the debate that plagued Mr. Dulles when he was still alive revolved around either sayings such as the "brink-of-war," "unleashing Chiang Kai-shek," or "Goa is a Portuguese province"—sottish phrases which the Secretary had never used—or around questions of purely historical fact that no one could answer authoritatively one way or the other. Had he planned to use the atomic bomb at Dien Bien Phu? Had he agreed in advance to the use of force by Britain and France in the Suez Canal dispute in 1956? This focusing of attention on questions that might not be answered in our lifetime, and pretending to take offense at controversial pronouncements that were never spoken, made possible a complacent evasion of present duties.

YET THE LATE Secretary's achievements stand out in monolithic grandeur, and they will be recognized at their true value in due time. They were founded on two simple truths. The first of these is that Communism is a system of evil. Mr. Dulles was a man of duty, not a busy-body or a self-seeker as so many politicians in democratic countries unfortunately are. He never attempted to play Providence. He understood that Communist expansionism was the problem of his time and that the danger threatening Western civilization was so

urgent and so grave that all other problems were secondary.

This attitude was, of course, denounced by those who spoke of Communism as of a "great social movement." Mr. Dulles' critics had nothing but scorn for his "bipolar" world of good and evil; of Communism and freedom; of saints and sinners. Instead, they claimed that the world's real problems were poverty, sickness, racial prejudices, Nasser, and McCarthy.

With admirable courage, Dulles stuck to the view that, far from being revolutionary, the Communist dictatorship was weak and reactionary because it attempted to suppress human aspirations that cannot be suppressed, and to hide truths that cannot be hidden. He knew that, if the world would refuse to acquiesce in the enslavement of any people in order to purchase fancied gains for itself, its policy of denying external progresses to international Communism would be not merely a negative, defensive policy, but a dynamic, positive policy—a policy that would not only be truly worthy of the Western tradition, but also exert great pressure on the Communist system at its weakest spot. Such a policy would strike at the most sensitive weakness of the Soviet system: the fact that the Communist ideology can never win the free allegiance of its own people.

It was in Mr. Dulles' character to combine the sober realism proper to the conduct of foreign affairs with a shining faith that can be imparted to national policy only by an individual like himself. His policy of liberation translated into action his sense of duty towards the enslaved peoples, and also his personal belief that time and fundamentals were at work against the Communist ideology, even though they might work in favor of the Communist states. Hungary proved that he was right.

The second pole of his thought was that

Communism is a system of force. On January 12, 1954, he officially proclaimed a policy of total deterrence and graduated retaliation which was based upon the massive retaliatory power of the United States. The historical significance of that speech cannot be overrated. It expressed a will to resist Communist aggression in any form. It called for the development of what George Washington had called "a respectable military posture," a flexible military establishment designed to deter rather than to repel aggression.

If deterrence were to fail, the aggressor was to be punished beyond his possibility of gain, without however hostilities being enlarged to our disadvantage. If deterrence would succeed—and it did—the policy called for a well-planned, stable program of military procurement that would provide for instant readiness and increasing strength without pushing the world into an all-out arms race or transforming the United States into a military camp. This is the policy which is now known under the name of "massive retaliation"—a heinous slogan which Mr. Dulles never used.

The pronouncement of January 12, 1954, proved to be the fundamental compact between Dulles and Eisenhower. Never was it to be loosened, and never was it fully comprehended by the public. It gave to the fiscal, economic, military and foreign policy of the United States a splendid coherence which it still has today. Finally it gave the West a global, long-term policy which had been wanting until then. This last point has been the most denied by Mr. Dulles' critics. It was also the most evident. A swift survey of the various applications of the Dulles Doctrine will prove it.

BOTH Eisenhower and Dulles were convinced that American diplomacy had been repeatedly embarrassed in the past because

the juridical and psychological foundation for an intervention by the United States in several marginal areas was lacking.

When the Secretary of State assumed power, England was losing control over the Middle East. In search of a "northern tier" of defense against Communist pressure, Mr. Dulles toured the area in 1953. Two years later, the Baghdad Pact was signed, and in 1957 the Eisenhower Doctrine was approved by the Congress. Again two years later, in March, 1959, special arrangements were concluded between the United States, on the one hand, and Turkey and Iran, on the other.

Iran is not a member of NATO as Turkey is; nor does it belong to SEATO as Pakistan does. More than its two CENTO partners, Iran needed an American commitment for its own security. On the other hand, Turkey is particularly important to U.S. policy; a formal relationship concluded outside of NATO would be useful. Both Iran and Turkey acted through the Baghdad Pact, and they acquired American protection by osmosis, as it were. For the United States is not a party to CENTO, and it acted pursuant to the Eisenhower Doctrine—a unilateral declaration of policy on the part of the United States, and not international law. Such a complex arrangement bears witness to Mr. Dulles' diplomatic genius.

Guiding Western policy with stunning boldness through stunning reverses, the Secretary was accused of having induced the British to leave Egypt—as if England would not have had to do so otherwise—and then to become a member of the Baghdad Pact while refusing himself to participate in it because of British participation. Sad to say, Dulles had been forced by the rigidity of British policy to include, in his reckoning of the Middle East situation, the remaining and unknown quantity of European imperialism.

He had had to try to outwit both Eden and Nasser, but Eden would not let himself be fooled into doing what Dulles wanted. At the moment when the Hungarian revolution should have electrified the entire West, and when it should have led to a concerted diplomatic offensive against the USSR, Eden struck against Egypt—a foolish action with treacherous implications.

Grave accusations were proffered at the time against the motives which inspired Mr. Dulles' stand; and now Eden is judged more harshly than he truly deserves. The fact was that American policy was neither Machiavellian nor imperialistic, but simply wise. No country has resented this wisdom nor benefited from it as much as the United Kingdom.

As far as American public opinion was concerned, it behaved in the Suez crisis much as it behaves generally. It accused Dulles of having let the allies down at their hour of stress; of having saved a dictator's neck and sided with the Soviet Union against France and Britain in the United Nations. It also claimed that Dulles had obstinately refused to recognize Nasser as the symbol of Arab nationalism. It wanted the United States to acknowledge that the USSR had "legitimate interests" in the Middle East, and that Arab unity was an inescapable fact.

Didn't Dulles offer a silver pistol to the leader of Egypt? Had not the arms which he sold to the government of Iraq served to assassinate Nuri es-Said? The Baghdad Pact was "dead." The Eisenhower Doctrine was a "sham"; it "never" got any application. So ran the criticisms; despite the fact that Dulles used the Doctrine no less than four times in two years; and the situation that prevails in the Middle East today, though still precarious, is more satisfactory than it has been in many years.

The termination of the Korean War

was followed by a deterioration of the situation in Indochina; the siege of Dien Bien Phu brought the crisis to a head. Dulles made a plea for "united action" in Southeast Asia, but France refused to "internationalize the war." It also refused to commit itself to a declaration of independence for the Associated States. Russian policy was in a state of complete confusion, and Britain testily refused to yield to Dulles' advice.

On July 21, 1954, the Indochinese armistice was signed at Geneva. Its architects were Mendès-France and Eden. Insofar as it brought peace to the area, it allegedly proved the wisdom of British policy and it disproved Mr. Dulles' petulant theories. A partial reverse for Western policy, it was also called the "loss of Indochina" and ascribed to Dulles, whose efforts had been partly frustrated and partly successful. The settlement was by no means a *débâcle*; formal Communist aggression in Southeast Asia at long last had been liquidated. Public opinion called "united action" another "ringing phrase" that the Secretary had contributed to American foreign policy. As such, it was a simple, almost toneless phrase. Instead of receiving credit for the creation of SEATO, Dulles was accused of "pactomania."

The Communists then disturbed the precarious peace that had prevailed in the Formosa Straits since 1950. On December 2, 1954, Mr. Dulles put an end to equivocation as regards American intentions towards Formosa. If need be, it would be defended. The treaty concluded with the Nationalist government is a masterpiece of wisdom, courage, and political realism. Chiang was "leashed" to the extent that he could not use American power for a mainland venture, but he was "unleashed" by Dulles' Three-Front doctrine. France and Britain had refused to let Formosa accede to SEATO. By virtue of the Three-

Front doctrine, Chiang became a party—in fact if not in law—to the defense of Southeast Asia.

The offshore islands of Quemoy and Matsu were not formally covered by our treaty with Chiang; and during the crisis of 1955 and of 1958, the imaginary question as to what the United States would do if the Red Chinese should limit their aggression to the offshore islands plunged the West into despair; a debate of unprecedented viciousness gave the impression that the confidence in Dulles had reached the breaking point. For good reasons, the Communists did not attack; the success of what had been called "Dulles' preventive war" was quick and painless. Dulles had been at war against the forces of appeasement, and he had prevented a victory for the Communists that would have been both serious and unnecessary.

CELEBRATED FOR his rigidity, John Foster Dulles nevertheless had the open mind of a practitioner. The outstanding trait of his personality was that the simple truths that guided his actions nourished a mind that was constantly reappraising its own assumptions. Even his critics agree that he was a man of great courage. He was courageous, indeed, but his courage primarily was that of intellectual rectitude. It was his mental rectitude and simple honesty that brought him back again and again to his principles without ever making him fall into moralism. In that, he was a true conservative and a true Republican.

His behavior was aristocratic and he knew the limits of government. Yet he constantly upheld the national interest of the United States, and he placed the United States at the service of mankind. He could, therefore, practice expediency in perfect good faith, and he did it with consummate skill, particularly when and where the public expected him to respond to the

situation confronting him with moralistic principles.

As far as we were concerned, this frustrated expectation created confusion: apparently Dulles did not know what he wanted. He did not consider colonialism as an absolute evil; he never assumed that the colonial powers were always disinterested; and he also referred to the American anti-colonialist tradition. He reproached Khrushchev with having taken an incendiary stand on the Goa issue to please the Indian mobs; Nehru was stung; Cunha was pleased. The American people were completely bewildered. Dulles came to be regarded as the expert of the "zig and the zag." He was told by his critics to go and see a psychiatrist.

On the other hand, for the allies it was Dulles' realism that was a cause of constant frustration. The European countries had long been used to count upon American idealism in the way spoiled children count upon their mother's "love," or working men confidently expect their employer to be "generous." To put the matter more bluntly, for the first time, in Dulles, the European states fully experienced true American leadership.

The policies of the Eisenhower administration regarding Europe are, therefore, the most difficult to analyze properly. Here again, realities and appearances are far apart. The American scholars and statesmen who are most respected in Europe are, generally speaking, individuals who have no or little reverence for European culture and most anxious to preach Americanism. Paradoxically enough, these proponents of an "American century" combine a pretentious ideological imperialism with the absence of national self-respect.

Secretary of State Dulles loved his country. He knew that those who refuse their allegiance to their own country do not make good internationalists. His thoughts

and his actions were free from imperialism in any form; and in that, he was faithful to a great American tradition. But his realism was also genuinely American, for it was a disinterested search for practicable truth. Unlike so many Americans of comparable background, Mr. Dulles did not look down upon the caprices of European politics with pharisaic spite; neither did he attempt to excuse them. He never assigned himself the task of making Europe ideologically better; but he never made himself a party to its faults.

The members of the North Atlantic Treaty Organization are committed to do what they deem necessary to defend the area the treaty was set to defend. Acting in concert with the United Kingdom, the United States has never agreed to place its atomic deterrent under NATO command. Considering its atomic retaliation function a trust or mandate to exercise only in extreme cases and in the interest of the whole world, neither has the United States consented to grant its Allies any veto power on American actions in the Far East and elsewhere, even though it has been willing to consult and to make the general principles of allied policy a matter of common agreement.

When Mr. Dulles became Secretary of State, the era of good will and gratitude for what the United States had done for the sake of European security had long petered out. The mood, rather, was one of restive fear about an alleged "automatic atomic reflex" by the United States, about decisions that it might make alone, which could cause European countries more exposed to Soviet retaliation to be engulfed by a thermonuclear disaster.

At the same time, the continental countries felt excluded from a special Anglo-Saxon partnership. All were wary and suspicious of the aims pursued by the United States in the Far East, in Africa,

and in the Middle East. The traditional Franco-German antagonism, the excessive conservatism of British outlook and obvious displeasure at European integration, the frustration experienced by the smaller states, and, of late, a fear of American inaction in case of Soviet aggression in Europe further complicated the situation. The remedy to so many different evils seemed to be a greater and greater integration of policies and resources; but Mr. Dulles well understood that excessive integration was a mirage. No country demands greater allied unity with more insistence than the one which does most to undermine it. One of the greatest contributions Mr. Dulles made to the history of the Western Alliance is to have understood and defended the dual principle of integration and independence.

Under his leadership, decisive American power—the deterrent—was based on the periphery of continental NATO, in England, Spain, North Africa, and Turkey; but the deterrent was not fully integrated into NATO's structure. Yet the equivalent of six divisions armed with tactical nuclear weapons *was* integrated into continental defenses, and stationed in Germany—not in France. The United States supported German rearmament and the creation of a nucleus of integrated forces on the continent to serve as a shield against Soviet aggression; it also made the decisive contribution. This permitted, in turn, the establishment and the maintenance of a special relationship between the various continental powers and the United States—that is, a relationship independent both of the Anglo-Saxon club and of NATO itself.

England set for herself the role of an isolated partner who wanted to be recognized as indispensable while playing *cavalier seul*—a role which would have been Quixotic if she were not, in actuality, the

special partner of the United States, and which would have been dangerous for allied solidarity if she were not checked by the special relationship maintained by the United States with the continental powers. Because of England's isolation, however, we could support the movement of European unity, even if she did not, and encourage greater Franco-German collaboration, even if she resented it. Being impartial, because it is independent from each one of its associates, the United States can uphold the legitimate interests of the smaller countries, and also refuse to grant to either France or Britain any exclusive privilege within NATO.

The dualism of its European policy finally leaves room, within the alliance, for national grandeur, for independence as well as for integration, for diversity as well as for unity. Dulles' policy made it possible for the Western Alliance to steer a cautious course between the Charybdis of stifling conformism and the Scylla of disunity.

TO UNDERSTAND the guiding principles of Mr. Dulles' diplomacy is to understand why they cannot at present be changed. It seems hardly credible that, in the age of mass communications and in the country of social science, a man so richly gifted and so truly lovable as Mr. Dulles undoubtedly was could be so misunderstood. In retrospect, it is even more difficult to understand the motives of those who are responsible for his seeming vilification. Many in Europe and in America still look at his outstanding service through a maze of lies and fabrications. Dulles has been described as a preaching, unimaginative governness too dull to cope with a dynamic, turbulent society. The public professes to be tired of the old policies. It wants new ideas. But the truth is that these old policies are still essential for our continued existence. Dulles has also been depicted as a sadist playing

Russian roulette with an atomic pistol. The truth is that he was fearless, and this truth will prevail. The pettiness of his critics will be exposed.

As an individual, the late Secretary was witty, sociable, considerate—all qualities particularly lacking in his opponents. While he was typically American in his excellence, he had to fight a prolonged battle against equally typical American vices. A great distance indeed separates his Six Pillars of Peace and his realist policies.

The history of Dulles' continuing ascension is a personal drama of unusual intensity. He reached his full intellectual stature and finally overcame the slavery of his environment only after having been entrusted with full responsibility. He was superior to Winston Churchill, for he was a man of heart: he had no pride, and his intellectual grasp of political problems was much firmer. But he resembled Churchill because, like him, he allowed himself to be carried by the thrust of his intuition. In shrewdness, he equaled Molotov; but he surpassed Molotov, even in being shrewd, because he was virtuous. In the scope of

his diplomacy, he can be best compared to Charles the Fifth.

He was a servant of humanity. He was a man.

Great though the Dulles policies were, they can still fail. A war can still break out over Quemoy. Iraq can still fall to the Communists. Dulles knew that these things could happen, and for that reason he fell back on the notion that he was not indispensable. He often seemed to act as if he were himself an obstacle between his principles—which he knew to be necessary—and their realization in his work—which he knew to be good. Of his own person, however, he was unsure. Yet he was a religious man, and his faith gave him sufficient certainty to guide himself and to guide others. Was he given the peace of heart that fully reconciles a soul with itself?

The degree of greatness that will be accorded to John Foster Dulles will serve as a measure of our own greatness. He now rests in the abstract glory earned by his labors—a glory that is not due him, but the United States.

The deepest cause which made the French Revolution so disastrous to liberty was its theory of equality.

. . . the finest opportunity ever given to the world (at the time of the French Revolution) was thrown away, because the passion for equality made vain the hope of freedom.—Lord Acton, *Essays on Liberty*

"Aah, they didn't do it the way they were supposed to! What a damned disappointment! They botched the salvo, spoiled the very best moment."

The Salvo

VYASCHESLAV ARTEMIEV

AFTER SEVERAL days of intense fighting on the central sector of the Soviet-German front in August, 1943, the cavalry-guards corps, having suffered fifty per cent casualties, was withdrawn to the immediate rear area for rest and reinforcement. It was already dark when the regiments came up to the designated places and started to set up bivouacs.

In the regiment which I was commanding at the time an unfortunate incident happened that evening. A soldier in the process of unslinging his submachine gun, accidentally dropped it, and from the impact of the stock on the ground the gun fired. The soldier was wounded in the hand.

On the next day, early in the morning I called upon the wounded man, and to

(Translated by Fred P. Berry.)

my surprise I found him cheerful and in high spirits. His bandaged hand was in a sling, but he was not dejected; and he had already found himself a new occupation for the period of his convalescence. He had gotten a job in the squadron field kitchen, and with one hand he carried water, served out breakfast, helped the cooks. From a brave machine gunner he had converted himself into a diligent and solicitous quartermaster's helper.

He was a young Uzbek, an energetic, brave, and manly warrior who had distinguished himself in recent battles, had been decorated for distinction in battle, and had recently been presented with a rather high decoration—the "Red Banner."

When he was informed that he would have to go away to a hospital for some time, he was very much vexed and heated.

ly protested. He called his wound a scratch and believed that in a week he would again be able to take his place in the ranks protecting our native soil and again annihilate the German invaders; he would again fight for the homeland, for Comrade Stalin. He begged so earnestly not to be sent away from the regiment that it was impossible to deny his request, especially since the regimental doctor did not consider the wound serious.

His comrades laughed at the unlucky soldier. "How do you like that!" they jeered. "He'd rather fight for medals at the front than take a rest in the hospital!"

But to the great joy of the wounded soldier, he was allowed to remain in his squadron.

Having taken a tour of my regiment, which was disposed in the woods, I returned to my quarters near my hastily constructed dugout and saw waiting for me the commander of the squadron in which the incident of the day before had taken place. Perceiving me, he quickly came over. He was agitated and excited, and informed me that soon after my departure from his squadron the plenipotentiary of the Special Section had arrived in an automobile, arrested the soldier who had wounded himself, and taken him away. I didn't think that this arrest could have any serious consequences; but I was indignant because the soldier who was guilty of nothing had been arrested, and the arrest had taken place without my knowledge. Mounting my horse, I rode off to the division commander.

Reporting what had happened, I registered a protest against the unilateral action of the plenipotentiary. The division commander knew all about it already. He informed me that the arrest had taken place at the orders of the Corps Special Section, and that a quick investigation of the incident would be made, since the soldier

was suspected of having intentionally shot himself in the hand. Upon my protest, the division commander, agreeing with me, expressed confidence that the soldier would be set free.

Not limiting myself to the conversation with the division commander, I directed myself to the chief of the Special Section, whom I found in his tent conversing with the procurer. Having heard me out, they expressed surprise over my undue uneasiness. "If you maintain that the soldier is innocent, then this will be confirmed by the investigation, and he will suffer no punishment."

With my uneasiness unabated, however, I returned to the regiment. Near the command post were standing a large group of my officers, anxiously conversing among themselves. They were awaiting my return.

No sooner had I dismounted than they crowded around me and showered me with questions: "Why have they arrested the soldier? . . . What did the division commander have to say? . . . What does the Special Section think? . . . What is the outcome of the investigation?"

The officers were worried because the men in the squadrons were pestering them with questions about the arrest. They pointed out that the incident had made a very deep impression upon everyone, and that all were prepared to testify in behalf of the soldier. It was evident that a very tense atmosphere prevailed in the regiment.

My deputy for political affairs and the political officers were attempting to disperse the mood which was developing. I told the officers about my conversations with the division commander and the chief of the Special Section, and assured them that everything would come out all right.

Having ordered my officers to return to their squadrons, I went to my dugout. My deputy for political affairs followed me. "I'm afraid there may be some unpleasant-

ness as a result of this affair," he said. "The soldiers have just come out of combat. They're nervous and upset—and now, this arrest. In the regiment the men are expressing some very unhealthy opinions—not only the young ones, but the old-timers as well."

He informed me that he had already convened an extraordinary meeting of Party and Komsomol members and had given an assignment to the activist Party and non-Party elements to "clear up the incident." He had given instructions to the secretaries of the Party and Komsomol organizations, and the political officers were having talks with the men.

"It's impossible," he said to me, "that they will hold him under arrest for very long. I think they'll release him, if not today, then tomorrow. I said as much in the regiment."

But at that moment the staff duty officer came in and delivered a telephone message to my deputy. They were calling him urgently to the political section of the division, together with the secretary of the Party organization.

About two hours later I heard the clatter of horses rapidly approaching, and going out of my dugout, I saw an approaching cavalcade. It consisted of the political officers coming back from division headquarters. My deputy was among them. They all dismounted and, after exchanging greetings with me, proceeded to the squadrons.

My deputy was very gloomy and preoccupied. He quickly came up to me and said: "Things are bad. About 1500 hours the division commander is going to summon you. You'll learn the details there. Right now we are going to lay on agit-prop preparation in the regiment."

It was only 1400 hours at the time, but I wanted to find out sooner what the business was about. I ordered my orderly to

saddle my horse, and in twenty minutes I was at division headquarters.

THE DIVISION COMMANDER received me coldly, greeting me with the following words: "What's all this hysteria going on in your regiment? If you let this business of shooting oneself become a habit, everybody will start shooting himself and there won't be anybody to defend the homeland. We must put a stop to such incidents by the very firmest means. The division political department is correcting the situation now in your regiment."

He also informed me that a meeting had been called for 1500 hours. The chief of the Corps Political Section would direct the meeting and would himself declare the sentence of a military tribunal.

The commanders of the other regiments were already arriving with their political deputies. In the glade where the meeting was to be held, a large group of senior officers were gathering. Among them, in addition to the line officers, were the officers of the Political and Special sections and the procuror's office. An automobile drove up, and out of it stepped the chief of the Corps Political Section. The meeting got underway.

I waited impatiently for the announcement of the sentence. Would they really, I thought, send the poor fellow to a penal battalion? It would be a pity for a good soldier.

"Yesterday in the 46th Guards Regiment a soldier shot himself in the hand"; the chief of the Corps Political Section announced to the assembly. "Today an investigation has been completed by the Special Section of the 13th Guards Division. It has been determined that the soldier intentionally inflicted the wound upon himself for the purpose of evading participation in battle against the German occupation forces. Today a military tribunal of

the Sixth Guards Cavalry Corps, having deliberated the matter in a closed session, has convicted the accused of having violated his oath of allegiance and his duty to defend his socialist homeland, which is tantamount to high treason. The accused is sentenced to the supreme penalty—execution by a firing squad. The sentence will be executed today at 1800 hours in the 46th Guards regimental area before a formation of the entire division.”

The sentence of the tribunal astonished me. I did not believe what I was hearing. I wanted to shout at the top of my voice, “That’s a lie!” but a sense of self-preservation and prudence restrained me from making even the slightest movement.

Next to me on the grass was sitting my old friend, Colonel X. Leaning toward him, I said in a whisper: “That’s not true! The soldier is absolutely innocent. He was a wonderful soldier.”

My friend touched my hand unnoticed, pressed it firmly, and answered also in a whisper: “Quiet! Later.” And he continued to listen attentively to the speaker.

I looked at the chief of the Special Section, sitting at a distance. He looked at me fixedly with his penetrating eyes, as if testing me with his glance. I lowered my eyes.

The chief of the Political Section continued speaking. He was saying something about the sacred duty to the homeland; about the victorious Red Army; about the selfless heroism of Soviet soldiers; about the love and devotion of the people for the Party and the government; about the brilliant commander, beloved leader, and wise teacher Stalin; about the necessity of getting rid of cowards, betrayers, and traitors without mercy.

I didn’t hear any more. The words of the speaker reached my consciousness in snatches. I was thinking only of my soldier, condemned to death. I was thinking, Weren’t we, sitting here, covered with

medals for bravery, cowards and betrayers of the people? We don’t agree with the business; we hate it. And yet, out of fear, we defend that which we hate. Even now, out of fear, we are going to applaud enthusiastically those outrageous lies which the military representative of the Party is uttering.

Applause roused me from my reverie. Together with the others I got upon my feet and began to applaud. I glanced covertly at the chief of the Special Section, but he was no longer looking at me. I tried to give to my face an approving and enthusiastic expression, and thought to myself, What cowardice this is! I looked at the others. They were all warmly applauding; on all their faces were expressions of enthusiasm and devotion. And it seemed to me that, with the others, it was genuine.

My friend was also loudly applauding and, smiling, was saying something to a political officer standing next to him.

Somebody shouted, “Hail to Comrade Stalin! Death to traitors!” The applause became intense. Raggedly, but loudly, they shouted: “Hurrah!”

After the speech of the chief of the Political Section, the division commander gave directions for the drawing up of the regiments in proper order for attendance at the execution, and the group started to disperse. I walked along with Colonel X and started telling him about my soldier, but we had gone only a few steps when an officer from headquarters overtook me and informed me that the division commander wished to see me. I returned and found him together with the chief of the Political Section.

They pointed out to me that I had committed a mistake in not having taken timely measures to head off the mood which had developed in my regiment about the arrest of the “soldier who had shot himself.” The chief of the Political Section told me that

I had committed a grave political error, had let down my guard, and was trying to defend "a traitor to his country."

He concluded his rebuke with the following words: "I'm sure you have realized your mistake by now, that you understand it and will be more cautious in the future." Then giving me a typewritten sheet of paper, he said: "This is the text of a speech which you will be required to deliver before the regiments of the division at the formation. Memorize it well, so that you won't have to look at the paper when you make your address."

I attempted to explain what had happened, but the division commander interrupted me: "You'll have to assemble your regiment soon, and before that you must learn your speech. You are dismissed. Return to your regiment."

Thereupon he looked at me meaningfully, as if censuring me for my attempt to explain.

I made my way through the underbrush to the main road, where my orderly was waiting for me with the horses. While passing through a small clearing I suddenly heard a timid call: "Comrade Regimental Commander!"

Upon looking around, I saw the convicted soldier sitting under a bush a few steps from me. His epaulettes, his medal for bravery in action, and his guards-unit badge had already been torn from his tunic; the only remaining trace of them were the dark spots on the faded background of the cloth. He was sitting without boots, and his legs were bound with cord. His left hand was bandaged and in a sling. Near him were standing two soldiers with submachine guns. With a startlingly changed, pale-pinked face, the soldier condemned to death regarded me with a look full of hope for something—for what exactly, he himself probably did not know.

I stopped, and he, not taking his eyes

from me, said bitterly in a weak voice: "What's this that they've done to me, Comrade Regimental Commander?"

One of the guards, shouting at him, ordered him to be quiet. The other, turning to me, with a tone of voice which permitted no discussion, said: "It is forbidden to talk to the condemned prisoner. Please keep moving."

The look of the condemned made a terribly sad impression upon me. Such a little while ago they had been proud of him in the regiment, and only this morning he was happy and full of the joy of life. Only this morning he was dreaming of being better within a week, so he could take his place in the line and once again destroy the German aggressors, defend our native soil, once again do battle for his homeland, for Comrade Stalin.

"No talking!" the sentry threateningly repeated.

I wanted to say something comforting to the poor fellow, but I could not think of anything to say. Somehow the words tore themselves from me: "Never mind, buck up!" And I continued on my way.

My words had sounded foreign, as if they had not come from me. When I heard them I became ashamed of what I had said.

I CAME OUT on the road. My orderly brought my horse up to me. There were two hours left before the assembly of the regiment. I did not mount, but rather stood meditating, completely abstracted by what I had seen.

Suddenly, an idea came to me which I seized upon, even though I saw clearly the naïveté and senselessness of what I was about to do.

I took my notebook out of my dispatch case and wrote a short order to my chief of staff, directing him to assemble the regiment and to move it out to the division

assembly point by 1800 hours. Having given the note to my orderly, I sent him off, and walked quickly to the paved road located a few hundred meters to one side.

Coming out on the road, which led from the forward positions toward the rear of the Army group, I stopped to wait for a passing automobile. Trucks loaded with cases of shells and another munitions, with rations and fodder, were going toward the front, and on the return trip they were transporting the wounded, as well as German booty which had been seized.

I stood for a half an hour without a single automobile stopping at my hand signal; but at last I had luck, and a truck, piled high with some kind of goods and chattels, stopped before me. I climbed up onto the cargo, which was covered with canvas, and the truck started off, carrying me away from the front, away from the regiment.

At N. Headquarters was located an old friend and former colleague with whom I had studied in the old days at the officers' school. Nowadays he held down an important military post, with the rank of lieutenant general, and threw considerable weight and had a great influence among the higher military command. I had decided to go to him, tell him what had happened, and ask him to do everything possible to prevent the punishment which had been decided upon. I would have to travel about thirty kilometers and, luckily for me, the truck was going right past the place where I had to go.

I wasn't thinking then about what might be in store for me if I didn't return in time to my regiment, or if my absence without leave were to become known. I was deeply disturbed by what had happened and had decided to do everything in my power to save the soldier.

After having gone about ten kilometers, the truck was stopped at a check point of

the sector border control. They examined my papers, and demanded that I show a pass for the trip, which I didn't have; and I was detained. I told the duty officer at the control point that I was traveling on the urgent call of General S. He reacted very skeptically to my words and invited me into the guard shack.

After a few minutes I was informed that General S wanted me on the telephone.

I had not seen him for a good many years, although at one time we had been of equal rank, and close friends. In the course of the long years of our separation our positions in the service had become quite different, and now I was disturbed about how he would treat me under the unusual circumstances of my sudden attempt to visit him—especially since I had taken the liberty of using his name without his knowledge.

Our telephone conversation lasted no more than three minutes, and three minutes later I was already on the way in an American jeep with border-guard bumper markings, overtaking and passing the automobiles going in the same direction and drawn out all along the road.

The staff duty officer announced my arrival to the general. Upon returning he informed me that the general had instructed him to tell me to await his arrival, that he was busy at the moment, but would come to me in half an hour.

For me every minute was precious, and a half-hour's delay could well decide the fate, not only of the man whom I was trying to help, but possibly my own as well. I wrote out a note and requested that it be given to the general: *I have exceptionally important and urgent business. I cannot wait even a minute. I request you see me as soon as possible.*

The duty officer returned immediately, and right behind him came a tall general.

It was not the Sergei whom I used to know and with whom I had in the olden days shared sadness and joy. He had changed so much that I would not have recognized him under other circumstances if I had met him unexpectedly.

I stood at attention and reported in the proper manner. He warmly embraced me and, without releasing my hand, led me out of his headquarters to his private quarters.

On the way I told him the purpose of my coming. He listened to me silently, attentively, seriously. When we arrived at his quarters, without saying a word further to me he went to the telephone and ordered an automobile. Then he took a bottle of cognac, poured out a full glass, and held it out to me. I tossed it off at a gulp. He stood in serious contemplation with his hands thrust in his pockets. "Look," he said to me at last, "take my automobile and get back to your regiment, and don't tell a soul that you have been to see me. Your soldier will be shot, I'm sorry to say. I am convinced of his complete innocence, and I understand your feelings very well, but in war many good people die. There's nothing you can do, it's not in your power or mine."

Then, as if answering his thoughts, he said in a vexed and bitter tone: "Influence on the masses! Suppression of self-inflicted wounds! Vicious iniquitous propaganda tricks! The end justifies the means! . . . The devil only knows what's going on!" he concluded with irritation.

At that moment the sharp honking of a passing automobile could be heard from the street. The general embraced me again. "Don't delay any longer; you don't have much time. Go. Take a day off for yourself between battles sometime. You absolutely must come and visit me. We'll talk about lots of things; we'll remember the old times. And now—good-bye!"

We came out onto the road, the chauffeur

quickly opened the door of the automobile, we said good-bye once more, and I rode off.

The general had told me nothing that was new or unexpected to me, nothing I myself did not understand; but the meeting with him and his words brought back the cold-bloodedness to me, and I forced the inner "me" to become once again the Soviet officer, in the "uniform" in which he must live.

The automobile continued along the road, the driver blowing the horn sharply. Hearing us, and recognizing our distinguishing markings, vehicles coming in the opposite direction checked their speed and pulled off to the side.

Memories of days long gone, called forth by the meeting which had just taken place, crept into my mind: Just think! a lieutenant-general already. . . He's become older, his head is becoming silver-white, but he's still the same wonderful fellow that he was ten years ago—simple, honest, a good comrade. . . But he's not feeling too well, it would seem. . ."

We had turned off the paved road, were riding along the bumpy secondary road, and already were approaching the corps area. I had fully returned to the present, and once again the heaviness of spirit returned; once again I was ill at ease. My regiment, division, corps seemed to be completely alien and inconsequential. As for myself, I seemed insignificant, helpless, out of place in my own corps, the corps in which I had succeeded in becoming a part in the fighting at the front.

I looked about, fearing that one of our officers might see me. The general's automobile could attract the attention of everyone.

Without riding up to the regiment, I got out of the automobile and started to make my way on foot through the bushes.

It was 1740 hours when I came out into

the clearing where the headquarters of my regiment was set up. The regiment had been assembled, and I had gotten there exactly on time. Having taken the report from the chief of staff and greeted the regiment, I was once again commander. All the human weakness which had overwhelmed me was held back somewhere deep within me, suppressed and muffled by the necessity of performing my official duty.

I announced loudly and clearly to the regiment:

"In our united warrior family, in our glorious guards regiment a coward has appeared, a betrayer, a traitor! Today he will receive the punishment which he deserves. This shameful stain on the military honor of our regiment we must wash out by new victories in future battles for the glory of our homeland, of our great commander, our wise leader, beloved father and teacher Comrade Stalin! To our victory! To Comrade Stalin! Hurrah!"

The regiment shouted "Hurrah," but there was absolutely no feeling in this shout—artificial, as if by command—although it rolled out loudly, carrying in peals far about the surrounding area.

I led the regiment to the division assembly point, on the way reading the text of the speech which I now had to deliver. My head was whirling from the cognac which I had drunk, and I regarded with somehow blunted feelings everything which was going on—the things I had seen as so painful only two hours ago. I only wanted this sad business at which I had to be present to end as soon as possible. Now I was worried only about the delivery of the speech which lay ahead of me.

And what if I refused to deliver it?

BEYOND THE WOODS a broad field stretched out, and not far from the edge, on the plain, a pit had been dug. Alongside it rose a hillock of fresh earth.

The regiments of the division in dismounted order were approaching from various directions in long narrow columns stretching out of the forest. All, except the officers, were unarmed. The regiments were drawn up in ranks on three sides of the place of the impending execution. The senior officers of the division were approaching on horseback singly and in groups, slowly rising and falling on the uneven surface of the field. Automobiles came up one after another and stopped to one side, and out of them stepped the high command. The orders went about: *Atten—tion!*" The high command went about the drawn-up regiments, greeting them. Breaking silence, the regiments sharply, in unison, barked out their response.

In the center of the square which had been formed the senior officers of the headquarters, broken up into groups, were standing about and talking unconstrainedly among themselves, waiting for the procedure to begin.

Having separated myself from my regiment, I approached the chief of the Political Section, who was in conversation with the chief of the Special Section. I wanted to get away somehow from the speech which had been pinned onto me.

"Well, how are things in your regiment?" he asked me.

I couldn't say what was really the matter. I stated that morale was excellent, the soldiers and officers had censured the deed of the soldier who had "intentionally shot himself" and were full of contempt for him. "It's only a pity that this soldier was such a good fighter and possessed awards for bravery and distinction," I added.

The chief of the Special Section standing with us looked at me sharply and, interrupting our conversation, said: "The enemy is crafty. A few pretty deeds in battle, a few medals on his breast, and then a wounded hand—and for the rest of the war

behind the lines— "a hero" holding down comfortable, well-paid civilian jobs, undermining the rear, causing harm to the defense of the country. We're well acquainted with these tricks! Not a single crime escapes the eyes of the NKVD. But after a lesson like this one, people will think twice before wanting to slip away from the front."

The chief of the Political Section made an approving gesture of agreement: "And so far as services and decorations are concerned, everybody may as well know that no services whatsoever will save anybody from punishment for treason. Comrade Stalin in his recent speech said as much: regardless of who the person might be—whether a soldier or a general, even if he have a hundred medals—if he is a coward, panic-monger, and disrupter of discipline, if he violates his oath to fight to his last breath, then the hard punishment of Soviet law, public contempt, and hatred will overtake him."

I expressed full understanding of what had been said and, finally, decided to come to what for me was the principal matter at hand: "Comrade Colonel of the Political Service!" I said. "You have ordered me to deliver a speech, but as it happens I'm a poor orator. I'll stammer over something, or forget to say what I have to say, and it will sound bad. It would be better if I didn't speak. A good orator is needed here to speak with warmth, and I'm not a specialist in speaking."

The colonel looked at me with surprise, and frowned. "What's this! You haven't yet prepared yourself, haven't memorized the text of your speech? This speech is to be delivered by you alone, personally. A crime has been committed in your regiment, and you as commander of that regiment are personally obliged to tell the division how your regiment feels about this incident. No discussion, that's an order!"

I made a last attempt. "Yes," I said, "but I think that in such a case it would be well if my deputy for political affairs were to deliver the speech on behalf of the regiment and the command. He makes speeches well; he's a clever, ardent orator."

My last hope crashed upon the words which I received in reply: "No. No one but you. A line officer, not a political one, must deliver the speech. In this case it will have more effect. You will speak immediately after me."

It is possible that I would have begun to argue and insist, but at this moment the loud voice of the division chief of staff was heard: "Comrade officers! To your places!"

Everyone proceeded to his place. In the center of the square there remained only a few persons from the command, the Political and Special sections. I also returned to my position in line. A dead silence prevailed. The division commander made a hand signal. One of the representatives of the Special Section took off for the woods at a run, shouting something and gesturing with his arms on the way.

The ceremony began. Holding their breath, thousands of men, standing in formation, directed their eyes towards the woods, out of which a procession was coming into sight.

At the head of the procession came the condemned man; and on both sides, in helmets, with naked swords in their hands and submachine guns slung across their backs, came two guards. Immediately behind them came a platoon of guards, also in helmets and with submachine guns hanging across their chests. All their faces were sad, severe, and as if numbed. The condemned man walked and looked around from side to side. Upon coming up to the pit, he looked into it attentively for a long time, as if imagining to himself how in a few minutes, already dead, he would be lying in it. They turned his back to the pit and his face to-

ward the assembled division. At twenty paces the platoon halted, drew up into a rank, and took their submachine guns in their hands.

The chief of the Political Section came forth from the command group and delivered a long speech saturated with patriotic propagandistic phrases. He talked about loyalty to the homeland, about the sacred duty of the Soviet soldier and the Soviet people.

The soldiers and officers of the division, downcast, stood in ranks. There could be felt an air of depression which enveloped everyone. The soldier, having lowered his eyes, stood motionless.

The ardent speech came to a close, just as always, in every case, with a declaration of praise for the Wise, Great, Native, Beloved. . .

In the command group applause was heard, and the regiments took it up, at first weakly, and then more and more strongly. They shouted "Hurrah!"

The commanders and the political officers in the ranks, with gestures and shouts of "*Louder!*," drove the soldiers and bolstered up the attenuated ovation. A superficial effect was achieved. It continued like this for about ten minutes.

When silence again prevailed, the chief of the Political Section once again stepped forward and announced: "Comrades! The commander of the 46th Guards Regiment has requested me to permit him to speak. He desires to express himself, on behalf of his regiment, regarding the disgrace which has been brought to it by the coward, the traitor. The commander of the 46th Guards Regiment will now speak."

I moved out to the center. Upon halting, I involuntarily glanced at the condemned man, who stood not more than ten paces from me. He stared at me with surprise, with a vacant gaze. Our eyes met.

I shall never in my life forget that gaze.

I felt aversion toward everything, toward myself. I had the feeling as if now I, with my own hands, must shoot the innocent man. I felt myself to be an active participant in the crime which was being committed.

Trying not to betray my internal agitation, I cast a glance about the regiments of the division. All, as if by command, were looking at me.

I began my speech. I had managed to read its text through only once beforehand. I don't remember what I said, or how. I was in a kind of unconsciousness. But I remember quite well that I glanced at the condemned man several times. He did not take his fright-stricken, widely-opened eyes from me. What was he thinking? Was he thinking that he had gone crazy, or rather that I had?

Upon finishing my speech, I returned to the regiment. I couldn't look at my regiment.

Next to me stood my deputy for political affairs, and he, turning to me, said: "You spoke very well; it sounded convincing."

I stood in formation, having surrendered myself to my thoughts, hearing nothing and seeing nothing. We had been standing for a long time, when suddenly the words reached my ears: "—condemned to death. The commander of the guard will execute the sentence of the military tribunal!" The president of the tribunal was ending the reading of the sentence and giving the final directions.

The chief of the Special Section, gesticulating, explained something to the officer in command of the guard; then he went off to one side, drew his pistol, and holding it in his lowered hand, waited.

The officer, in a loud voice, commanded: "Platoon! . . . For the traitor to the homeland! . . . Salvo!"

The platoon prepared for the salvo and,

taking aim, stood still in anticipation of the command of execution. The officer raised his hand, signaling for attention. . .

At this moment the condemned man, with his undamaged hand raised high, made an energetic step forward and in an overstrained voice cried:

"Comrades! Brothers!"

The command of execution was heard:

"Fire!"

Then was heard the dry, weak sound of a salvo of submachine guns; then another salvo; then another sound—belated single shots. The soldier fell flat, full length, on the ground.

The chief of the Special Section, simultaneously with the salvo, discharged shot after shot from his pistol. Evidently he was not convinced that the condemned man would be hit by the salvo of the dozens of submachine guns in the hands of the soldiers and, in order to avoid a scandal on such a "ceremonial" occasion, took part personally in the execution before the assembled division.

After the salvo, he went up to the motionless body spread out on the ground, and fired point-blank several more times,

repeating: "That's to make sure . . . So as to be certain . . . That's to make sure . . ."

The chief of the Special Section was unable to claim himself; he went to one group of officers, then to another, and in a vexed discontented tone, said repeatedly:

"Aah; they didn't do it the way they were supposed to! I told them to have it with rifles, not with submachine guns. What kind of a salvo was that anyway? No report, no effect, no impression—just a weak crackle, and nothing more. What a damned disappointment! They botched the salvo, spoiled the very best moment."

The regiments dispersed to their areas by squadrons. The officers gave orders that there be singing, but the songs did not come off well. The voices of the squadron song-leaders were not picked up by everybody. The singing was timid, out of harmony; and as if ashamed of their solitude, the voices fell silent.

Not far off in the woods were heard from all sides the sounds of the motors and the clattering of steel treads of departing tanks. They were the combat reserves, on duty in case there had been a rebellion at the time of the execution.

On the Road to Segovia and Back

for Dionisio Ridruejo

In the upheaval there was no side:
ideals against burnt churches
and a wandering in the woods
outside Madrid looking for a sentry.

The wind blew over *La Mujer Muerta*,
a mountain laid out like a naked
corpse, into the Pass of the lions
and brought a bomb hand-tossed from a plane

and fell, wind and bomb, among a crowd
of green soldiers brazen in the snow,
wrecked and dead without Cause:
with stillborn ideals, far from the burnt churches, dead

without their first action behind them,
only soulful donkeys and a poet
as affective witnesses and a dumb show
of surprise, shock, and frozen wonder.

For three years the poet fought against
churchburning, destruction
of God, against the ideal mob,
and against the jails on both sides.

In the end there was an exile of the heart,
even in the lovely summers of Segovia
in the cool of the Templars' Romanesque,
in the Church of the Holy Cross, a replica

of the Holy Sepulcher, in the church of St. John
of the Knights, and the Church of Corpus,
a former synagogue beneath the Alcázar;
wandering apart, as distanced from authority

as on the first day in the snow by the Lions
of Castile and the green idealless dead,
discontent to "prefer injustice
to disorder," resigned to his own soul.

ANTHONY KERRIGAN

The Anti-Intellectualism of Contemporary Architecture

JAMES BROPHY

With all nature coming through the windows and stereo sound blaring from the walls, where does a man go to think?

IN LAST YEAR'S *New Yorker* profile of Edward Stone, the celebrated American architect relates the anecdote about Walter Gropius' removing all the books written before 1930 from the Harvard architectural library when he was made Chairman of the Department of Architecture in 1938. Stone, according to Winthrop Sargeant's description, although doubting the truth of this story, nevertheless feels that it well reflects the spirit of the profession of architecture today. "A whole generation of young architects has gone through a process of brainwashing," he says, "and this has resulted in a kind of architectural illiteracy."

Talking with any architectural student regrettably confirms Stone's opinion. Not only is traditional design not taught in any

of the schools, but there is little, if any concern over its absence. One Harvard student of my acquaintance told me that enough was learned of past form through an historical survey and visual inspection. I was informed that there was no need to learn how to transfer traditional design to the drawing board—simply because no one wants to. By "inspection" of past architecture she obviously meant "rejection." There is undoubtedly, as Sargeant remarks, "no longer a choice between conservative and modern architecture, because the practicing conservative architect has simply ceased to exist."

This situation in the architect's training is distressing, but when I first learned of it, I was not exactly certain of the validity

of my objection. For one thing, I knew that other cultures had developed unique and exclusive architectural modes. And if I did not object to twelfth-century France concentrating creative energy on the Gothic, or seventeenth-century New England on the Colonial, how could I protest what seemed to be an analogous modern interest? This essay presents the nature and development of my resulting protest.

My initial shock in discovering the narrow limits and prejudices of current architectural study is one that would be felt by any one, liberal or conservative, who has studied the humanities. Such narrowness, to my knowledge, obtains in none of the liberal arts, the name itself designating their inclusiveness. Naturally, individuals or certain schools may pursue single interpretations, but certainly no whole field or subject conforms to one view. Even in psychology, where we might expect Freudian subjugation, we find various and challenging views.

Supporters of the present instruction in architecture may correctly remind us that its teaching need not be identical or even similar to that of literature or language, and they may well justify specialization *per se*. But of greater difficulty to explain is the historical vacuum in which architects are produced. If it be argued that there is no connection between the teaching of architecture and psychology, there certainly is some analogy between the work of an architect and a creative artist. And we need to consider only a few examples to realize that what appears to be a smug rejection of the past by architects today is not shared by all modern artists.

Few modern poets are more "advanced" than Gerard Manley Hopkins. His complex and dislocated new rhythms (he called them "sprung"), unique and indescribable, have been an important and pervading influence on many contemporary poets. And

just as they have learned from him, and in most cases made a transformation of his style, so Hopkins learned from John Milton. Although the two poets represent two widely separated centuries and are more different than alike, one bitterly anti-Catholic, the other a priest, still Hopkins carefully analyzed Milton's technique, and made his individual stylistic departure from it. In this process Hopkins' newness or modernity is not a rejection of Milton in the sense of ignorance or contempt, but an innovation, and transcendence of a thoroughly understood form.

Picasso's training is a closer parallel and a more convincing analogy, or rather contrast, to the independence of the contemporary architect. No one denies Picasso's position in modern art, and yet few of his admirers know that the young Picasso astounded his teachers with virtuosity in classical draughtsmanship. It is not surprising that he instituted changes; he had learned all there was to receive from the past. And possibly, we may conjecture, he made his significant innovations only because of what he knew before. The contemporary architect, however, is not in Picasso's enviable position, for he has radically limited the resources out of which he could develop needed or desired changes.

IF THESE OBJECTIONS seem admissible, as I believe they do, nevertheless the most forceful protest concerning modern architecture is not against the architects themselves or their schools. In some ways it is understandable and possibly inevitable that our architects, a small group, should have developed and taught each other in unanimity. It is even understandable that the general public should have accepted almost universally the new design, while rejecting other modern arts. Athena springing fully armed from the head of Zeus may be a myth particularly pleasing to Ameri-

ca; in the land of Lincoln, bonanza, and gold rush, the self-taught and self-sufficient have a special appeal. Not only may modern architecture also appeal to a faddish search for distinction, but it undoubtedly attracts indigenous American elements of rejection and iconoclasm. Furthermore, there is little that is abstruse or difficult about modern architecture, as there is in modern poetry, dance, or music.

What is less understandable and more disturbing is the anomalous approval of this new architecture by intellectuals. The poet who has no interest in Dow-Jones averages and the businessman who cannot abide e.e. cummings live in similar houses—or want to. Consideration unfortunately does not reveal the salutary rapprochement of artist and public that might be suggested, but rather what appears to be the intellectuals' indiscriminating acceptance of design which in its theory and practice is essentially anti-intellectual. It is difficult even to hypothesize a symbolist poet living in what Le Corbusier calls a "machine for living."

In the first issue of Columbia University's *Forum* (Winter, 1957) Eugene Raskin, an associate professor of architecture at Columbia, cogently presents the basic tenets of contemporary architecture and their revelation of man's contemporary view of himself. He implies wittily, with a note of satire, that some of modern man's views are to be questioned, but the overall tone of his essay suggests that the architect, only a reflector and interpreter of a culture, is not responsible. Although I would like to see Professor Raskin accept a different position and recognize the responsibilities and powers of the architect and his school (as seen by Mr. Stone), his article is significant in revealing that in high architectural places there are some reservations about our society and what the architect feels he is forced to do by it.

Many of us would agree with the cultural evaluation of architecture, the approach persuasively illumined by John Ruskin in the last century. When Eugene Raskin writes that "it is hard to say where architecture ends and human assertion begins," he is paraphrasing Ruskin's famous "what we like determines what we are." He also recalls the English critic when he states that "a building *by its architecture* boasts of its imaginative powers." It is important, therefore, to know what these powers are and what they reveal of us.

Mr. Raskin in his presentment of the premises of modern design says that modern man believes that he is different from his ancestors and no longer can use the forms of the past. Specifically he cites two ways in which man is now changed. Man now inhabits a different physical and external world; for example, it is commonly thought, according to Raskin, that "men were dirty, prying, vile and dangerous in some Mediterranean cultures," and then of course "solid walls were necessary." Now, modern man, presumably because we believe ourselves to be clean and virtuous, use walls only "to separate possibly undesirable air from the controlled conditions of temperature and humidity which we have created inside."

Secondly, "our changing conceptions of ourselves in relation to the world" have changed man internally. In the past "one's house was surrounded by a wall and the rooms faced not out but in, towards a patio, expressing the prevalent conviction that the beauties and values of life were to be found by looking inward." Today, our architecture reveals that "we feel differently" and that this life of inward values and contemplative philosophy is replaced by a more "open plan," in which the glass wall expresses "faith in the eventual solution of all problems through the expanding efforts of science." Consequently, Mr. Ras-

kin adds, not without a touch of satire, the most "advanced" and "forward-looking" among us live and work in glass houses. "Even the fear of the cast stone has been analyzed out of us." Our fear of men and nature have so much abated that we no longer "cherish privacy as much as did our ancestors," and we have rejected the belief that the "beauties and values" of life are found in "the intimate activities of a personal rather than a public life."

THE ILLOGIC of a conservative intellectual's acceptance of the embodiment of this philosophy is clearly evident. And how, after the perceptive and convincing work of sociologists such as David Riesman, can a liberal reject individual and "autonomous" values to accept the new design of "other" directions which Riesman judges to be undesirable? Recalling my earlier reaction to the exclusive teaching of contemporary design, I realize that I had no objection to the master builders of France or the craftsmen of New England working in the one style which seemed best to express their imaginative aspirations, because I accept the ideals of transcendence and rigorous simplicity therein embodied. But it is impossible for me to approve the main emphasis of our current style: the cult of the public life as opposed to the private.

One of the most obvious ways in which modern architecture diverts us from the private world is its involvement with nature. Mr. Raskin rightly observes that modern man no longer fears nature and feels that "we now can and do master nature." But we do not realize that in some ways coming closer to nature means that we are simply becoming influenced by its attraction and power or beauty, which is to say that we are being mastered.

It should be obvious that at times we are definitely the moved rather than the mover, the mastered rather than the master

in the presence of nature. Clearly in one realm of natural phenomena, the destructive forces of earthquakes and tornados, we are no nearer to being the master than was Peking Man. And in the realm of beauty we respond in wonder rather than with mastery. Modern man should also know that much of his own return to nature—in the form of camping, picnics, vacations, cruises, etc.—is based on the traditional yet still true belief that nature has the power to do something to us. The travel advertisements are right: the physical world works on us, relaxing, changing, and refreshing.

How much domination by nature should be allowed by the architect? That is the question, especially if we are interested in the privacies necessary to contemplation and prayer, introspection, reading, and study. These important occupations, in my estimation, cannot be carried on in the presence of nature for any length of time without surrender to movement and color, the sky and trees. It is salubrious to mind, body, and spirit to know the pleasures of nature, but it follows logically from the recognition of natural powers that much of our work and activity has to be removed from them or we are enthralled in the literal sense of *enslaved*. To master nature we must not approach it; we must make a retreat. This is one of the marks of *Homo sapiens*.

THE CONTEMPORARY HOUSE, unfortunately, has little provision, if any, for privacy and introspection. To the contrary, one of the conditions of our lives which designers recognize in their planning is, as Professor Raskin remarks, that "modern man does not seek solitude and is never alone." "If we find ourselves alone," he observes, "we flick a switch and invite the whole world in through the television screen." Our living "space," therefore, now tends to be ar-

ranged for the group and "togetherness." The house is designed around the "family room" or "all-purpose" room, the dominating presence of the outside world, the watching of television and other activities which make the home less suitable for cultivating individual and silent pursuits such as reading.

One of these degenerative "activities" in the new pattern of our home needs description. What is the new interior like? What feature is outstanding in the modern house? As far as I can determine, we are being encouraged to spend more and more of our time lounging, if not actually supine. The "smart" interior sponsored by the advertisements of Madison Avenue as well as by the "prize" designs of the architects is now a sea of foam rubber pallets where we are to be found reclining (the women glamorously back to nature in leopard slacks). And the rationale for this idyll of repose appears to be, in my opinion, largely high fidelity listening.

I have no intention to diminish genuine interest in music, but it is shortsighted to pretend that expensive equipment and a wall-full of records create understanding and love of music. More often than not, the display of this kind of listening is related to a technical interest or the smug feeling that "stereo" is an indication of, or an easy way to, the fuller life. Whatever its genesis, the audio-centered life tends to displace reading primarily because it has destroyed silence, but also because it leads to special interior planning in which conditions for reading (such as bright lamps and comfortable chairs) are passé.

Concerning the use of music and its relation to the intellect, Cardinal Newman makes a compelling statement in his *Idea of a University*. He writes that "music does not form or cultivate the intellect" and that "knowledge can not be gained in our sleep or by haphazard."

If we are seriously concerned with cultivating the intellect, and have asked a question such as "Why haven't Americans contributed one basic idea to radar, atomic fission or rocket development?" an answer might lie in the fact that we no longer have a culture (like most things, it begins at home) in which reading and its attendant thought and study is possible and encouraged. Answers more true than facetious to another question, "Why can't Johnny read?" might be because he is being "educated" by the "Rhapsody in Blue" or that he is tired of trying to read on his back or stomach.

Certainly our homes should be designed and arranged for something besides the currently fashionable marathon of listening. Reading and understanding are difficult even under the best conditions, and it is necessary to make explicit plans to accommodate the mind and spirit. The current design, with unintentional irony called "good" design, as I have suggested, does not.

To the end of evaluating contemporary architecture and design I especially address the intellectuals who almost *in toto* have embraced it. The symbolist poet, whom I mentioned above, in his own art demands and encourages a private introspection that is practicably denied by the schools, powers, and leaders of the architectural world.

Although it sounds retrogressive to say so, the man of thought in many important ways might be more at home behind the "solid walls" of the traditional "box" than out in the "open plan." I suggest that the powers of intelligence recognize the cultural implications of what we like in architecture and assess them as articulately as they have other modern cultural manifestations, such as progressive education and organizational conformity in business.

Whether representational or abstract, in revolt or assent, art must be symbolic of the reality of life.

The Organized Heresy: Abstract Art in the United States

GEOFFREY WAGNER

"THIS IMAGERY," reads the catalogue to a recent art exhibit, "is brought into action by these coagulations of energies emerging within a viscous tracery of veined protrusions as if they were injections into ectoplasmic space." If this statement appeared on the dust-wrapper of a book—even of a book of "poems" by a beatnik—it would instantly be laughed out of court as the pathetic bluff it so obviously is.

What are we to say, however, when the official twenty-fifth anniversary volume of New York's Museum of Modern Art describes a painting by Pollock as follows: "The picture surface, with no depth of

recognizable space or sequence of known time, gives us the never-ending present. We are presented with the visualization of that remorseless consolation—in the end is the beginning"?

It is the critic's duty to forswear the seductions of this cocktail babble; his "remorseless consolation" must be to pierce the rhetorical smoke screen created around abstract art and find out, in short, just what the shooting match is all about. To discover why, in the words of the *London Times*, "Abstraction in the United States flourishes, apparently, with the obstinate vigour of an organized heresy."

He is, I might say, hindered from doing so today by a variety of built-in devices. First of all, the smoke screen of prattle puffed out about official abstract art in this country contains the poison that *any* challenge of the mode automatically smacks of aesthetic reaction. Such was entertainingly brought home in a recent exchange between the editors of the *New Republic* and that funny little periodical called *Art News*. If you happen to dislike the emotional reversion, or bloodthirsty *furor teutonicus*, served up under the current banner of abstract expressionism, that is, you are *per se* "conservative."

Very convenient. Art critics (and, it transpires, museum directors) don't want to be caught out again—least of all here in America, where for sociological reasons the new is rather more likely to be held up as the authentic than elsewhere. (These reasons Margaret Mead incidentally explains when she points out that "Americans have substituted anthropology for history," which is to say that they compensate for lack of depth by catholicity of width, as it were.)

Secondly, total abstraction *pur sang* endeavors to inoculate itself against criticism via the indolent cliché that since the advent of the industrial civilization great painting has been, by and large, opposed to the taste of the time and that the whole shift of libido in the symbolist tradition, as best codified in Baudelaire's *salons*, automatically authenticates almost anything the public dislikes.

This theory fits reasonably well in literature and for that reason makes much of a book like Q. D. Leavis' *Fiction and the Reading Public* fairly persuasive. It does not necessarily hold water in painting, however, where the masses are not really impinged upon at all. At the conclusion of his historiography of the famous Armory Show, Russell Lynes comments that even

this widely publicized and visited exhibition had a "scarcely noticeable" influence on "the taste of most Americans."

The audience for a book, that is to say, may contain a considerable crass element; the very small number of people, proportionate to the whole of the United States, who enter art galleries are probably of a much higher intellectual quotient, and surely the very few who penetrate the mysteries of those purely abstract morgues in New York City cannot be dismissed with the usual scorn reserved for the "rascally meiny." For this reason, Huntington Hartford's clarion call *The Public Be Damned* of 1955, placed by advertisement in several newspapers, seemed to me to miss the point. "Ladies and gentlemen, form your own opinions concerning art. Don't be afraid to disagree—loudly, if necessary, with the critics." The public, as such, can scarcely have known what he was talking about at all.

NOW TO A CONSIDERABLE extent all art is an abstraction, or selective re-ordering, of reality. Still, ever since Daguerre's invention in the last century painting has seemed to take an increasingly liberating interpretation of this tradition. Alongside it, criticism has been provoked into according the divorce from natural form and environment higher and higher esteem, thus lowering the prestige of Renaissance painting, pouring contempt on the reproduction of appearances, and revaluating primitive, Byzantine, and, to some extent, impressionist painting. For primitive man, according to the influential German aestheticians Worringer and Lipps, lived at odds with or *against* his natural world, and his art was an abstraction of that universe in a call to absolute values.

Does not the modern painter, outlawed by his society, experience something of the same dispossession and ensuing resent-

ment? Dada thought he did, and it is not for nothing that dadaist manifestations today, such as Marca-Relli's Tzara-like collages or Rauschenberg's bed-clothes on exhibit in a New York gallery, or Motherwell's book on the subject, still pass muster in America (and are even thought of in our art press as new), despite the fact that they would have been *passéiste* in Europe forty years ago. "What!" exclaimed André Gide, in a knowing summary of this phenomenon: "While our fields, our villages, our cathedrals have suffered so much, our language is to remain untouched! It is important that the mind should not lag behind matter; it has a right, too, to some ruins. Dada will see to it."

Yet, on the whole, it has been within this cultural continuity that European abstraction has developed. The recent school of "action" (or drip or fling) painting in this country, which has undoubtedly been responsible for some of the worst canvases ever seen in the history of the world, is, as they say, something else again.

We all know that the old conception of the horizontal picture-plane with its laws of gravity, depth, and perspective yielded to the smaller refraction, the tilted tabletop, and eventually the perpendicular, of the Cubists and their successors. Picasso took the movement ahead very fast but he grew disinterested in any one single discipline, and it could well be argued that, by present canons, Picasso has never painted an abstract picture. He has not. He has always worked within a tradition that has given a subordinate character to arrangements of pure form and color. In fact, Matisse's carpet and wall-paper motifs affirm that for him, too, total renunciation of symbolic identity in art lies in the realm of ornament.

Disliking both this tradition and (with an instinct of self-protection perhaps) the philosophical premises of analytical ab-

straction, which bifurcated out of the movement in general under the cool wing of Piet Mondrian and others, the New York school of "action" painting has tried to develop the art of the flat surface, wherein the old laws of perspective and gravity belong to the artist rather than to the natural world. Slashing and sloshing, sometimes in handsome, carefully controlled arabesques, Pollock groped his way towards creating a very small metaphysical radius of recession within his picture-span. The area of drama in a good Pollock, or a good (?) Kline, is but a fractional aspect of the total expression. And it is always the artist's subjective domain. This was part of Pollock's difficulty, a kind of agony really. The other half lay in his times, which forced on him the role of both martyr and hero. It is also notable that his expositor, Clement Greenberg, excitedly espouses in his writings the art of the flat surface.

Thus a dilemma arises—one which, I suggest, may well prove the crisis of American art in the next decade. The artist who has represented (or, even, *can* represent) natural forms divests himself of something of the requirements of his mystery when creating a pure abstraction. Essentially he must feel it as a limitation, amusing for a while, but fundamentally illusory. So a great draftsman like Picasso, for example, finds the control of response by sheer designs, purity of effects, arrangements of shapes, and the like, too easy, and eventually monotonous. And he moves on, after perhaps a few years of laboratory experiments of the sort.

But young American painters brought up under the shadow of the whole gnosis of abstract expressionism scarcely find the style confining at all. To them it is all a glorious liberation. Their mystique derives ecstatically from Wassily Kandinsky and, behind him, Fauvism—namely, the externalizing of occult emotions through non-

representational design. Indeed, not even by design. By anything. No visual equivalents are called for, plastic values are despised, the less conscious a painter is of what he is doing the purer is his expression—he “becomes,” like Mathieu, his own painting, and the less he controls his spectator’s responses the better. So the most enigmatic and trite variations of color, the mildest or wildest palette schemes are all validated, or can be at whim, it is easy to see, as some crude code of imaginative endeavor. Or fanatical therapy. “We are presented with the visualization of that remorseless consolation—in the end is the beginning.” Such are, roughly speaking, the present limitations of our “emancipation” in the arts.

THE QUESTION now arises as to whether painting which spits on art is to be called art at all. In fact, it has already been suggested elsewhere (by Maurice Grosser in the *Nation*) that the place of “action” painting is really in the world of commerce, in industrial design, factory murals, and so forth. Writing in the *New Republic*, Frank Getlein summarizes the problem as follows:

More and more, month by month, abstract expressionism reveals itself as more fraud than Freud. The movement is based on the proposition that you can’t kid the id, but each succeeding dredging of the unconscious proves anew that the spectator/purchaser has a right to the ego and occasionally the super-ego, not to mention some mastery of the sheer craft of painting and the assurance that the thing’ll hold together till he gets it home. So much for the reverse Rorschach of the theory. What makes the fraud intolerable is that its first and most complete victims were the perpetrators.

Well, I suppose one might pity these

sorry dupes if their pretensions were less and if they had not been so hectically successful in bullying men of good will in the museums into their point of view. Prefacing the last Carnegie International at Pittsburgh the director, Gordon Washburn, mentions casually that any ideas of drawing and proportion are pretty misleading; one of his eminent jurors, James Johnson Sweeney, curator of the Guggenheim Museum in New York, says much of the same, more cagily, in a recent address to Cooper Union all about “The Spirit of Play.”

Nobody knows how to draw any longer, and fewer and fewer individuals know how to judge drawing. (Most museum men tend to think “tight” draftsmanship good, and also modern, so that a really fine performer in this field like Rico LeBrun sometimes comes off quite badly.) Although when you meet them many of these abstract expressionists claim laconically that they can draw “like Ingres” if they want to, the lack of ability in the craft of painting is pitifully evident in their work. Not that they care.

Willem de Kooning, virtually high priest of the movement at the moment and a painter whose “maelstrom of slashing strokes and jarring colors” has even met with the approval of *Life* magazine, is quoted in a recent interview as follows: “‘I was unable to solve either of those arms,’ he said, ‘so I gave up the picture.’” In a catalogue to a show at the Betty Parsons Gallery, one Boris Margo writes, with evident accuracy, “I search into the swirl of paint with which I begin.” In the *Nation* not long ago John Berger quoted two art teachers, one of painting and another of sculpture, both ignorant of any technical knowledge of their craft—and both, apparently, proud as punch of it. In an *Art News* interview with Franz Kline this painter of black slashes on a white ground (the styles change annually, as Mr. Washburn has remarked, like those of motor-

cars) writes of his works: "to change them merely out of technical consideration would be inconsistent—the emotional results count and not intellectual afterthoughts."

As for composition, to say it is becoming a dead art would be what the *New Yorker* calls the understatement of the year. Quoted in the *New York Herald Tribune* recently, an artist who draws reasonably well but can't compose a picture to save his life, a certain Larry Rivers, very much "in" with *Art News* and the museums though not an "action" boy, describes "the separate parts of my pictures" as like "the sounds in a piece of music by Webern. A plunk way up high, another one low, a third somewhere else. Maybe the plunks relate to each other, maybe not. It's still music."

Again, the development of Yale's once admirable School of Fine Arts, or of the instruction at Pratt Institute, towards the teaching of effects rather than how to draw, might be instanced to this argument. In *Notes About Painting* (World, 1955) by Xavier Gonzalez, another practitioner and teacher (but a conservative and not a space-cadet), there is a joyful section entitled "The Sterility of Composition" wherein we are told that "composition that is weighed and calculated in purely geometric terms often ends in sterility." Under the almost sarcastic title *Rules for composition* the student of this book is told that "it is not essential to learn what composition is . . . rules for composing are static yardsticks that kill the idea before it is born." In the 1959 Illinois Annual catalog the revered abstractionist Hans Hofmann writes: "Imitation should not be permitted to have even the slightest part in the creative process."

Why continue? Who rides may read. A highly favored lady abstractionist has been quoted to the effect that for her the Museum of Modern Art was her art school.

"Feeling and thinking are one," yips yet another abstract expressionist in the frothing wake, evidently, of Sir Herbert Read's *Icon and Idea*, his Charles Eliot Norton lectures at Harvard in which the artist as emoter staggers back, rather wearily, from the *Ion* and *Hosea*.

And yet it was the recent *Report on the Visual Arts at Harvard University* which made a (last?) attempt to correct this view of artist as sybil, or inspired idiot (Van Gogh's stock was never higher, of course): "It is curious," the report stated, "to what extent this myth is reserved for the visual arts. Few people believe that an author, a poet or a composer might be slow-witted, if not frankly insane." Sometimes the attack on the intellect, and the values of painting, will be called "the exploitation of the accidental" (Clement Greenberg), sometimes "the spirit of play" (James Johnson Sweeney quoting Mallarmé like mad here), sometimes—hm—the "fluid value" (Harold Rosenberg).

TO BE INTELLIGIBLE today, Wilde said, is to be found out. What I am suggesting is that in the younger New York abstract expressionists we have a group of "painters" whose aesthetic potentialities, primarily through lack of any formal training, are so low that Picasso's position becomes reversed. For these new youths abstraction is the "tradition," the official mode, the way to recognition, with the result that they try to relegate all representation to the role of decoration—assigning it to portraits (which they seem to despise), to magazine illustration, and the like. This is a position they are likely subconsciously to espouse more and more; for, as the director of Washington's Corcoran Gallery, Mr. Hermann Warner Williams, has put it:

There is a more or less lost generation of young painters who turned up their

noses at the basic disciplines of draftsmanship and just jumped into abstraction. Although they are now trying to use figures, they can't make the switch because they haven't had those early disciplines.

(A recent quote in *Time* from Richard Diebenkorn would further substantiate this opinion, from the point of view of a practitioner.)

To my mind, the error has been made of assuming that because certain social assumptions no longer obtain, the techniques to which they gave rise must also be outdated, and utterly useless. But this is to deny the very fabric of social relationships. For instance, Renaissance numerology with its virtually superstitious symmetry no longer holds good today as a concept, yet the ideal of balance it enforced in art has worked aesthetically, quite independent of the ideology behind it. And no matter how Mr. Gonzalez may fulminate against composition (interlarding his text, incidentally, with dud drawings of apples and one give-away sketch of the human form), composition of a kind still supports the best abstractions today. It certainly supported Pollock.

Then again, the great vision of Christ on the cross which was required of so much great art we know and admire forms a triangular shape, with the eye led triumphantly upwards, that abstract arrangements can approximate and make aesthetically meaningful for a Mohammedan; as a matter of fact, the Illinois University annual often faces two paintings on exhibit together in its catalogue in this manner. But when art enters the realm of epistemology (and this does *not* imply message-bearing), it must in a human world involve the icons of human beings and/or their activities. It is simply a filibustering *reductio ad absurdum* of this argument to say that it claims that the more representational art

is, the better it is. Nonsense. Giotto remains as fine a painter today as far more literal realists.

What it does claim is this: that since human life is symbolic, unlike animal life, its art is correspondingly most valid when it abstracts reality into sets of symbols, and not—as per the abstract expressionists—into sets of further abstractions. (For the sake of a working human society I have been told to call the quadruped I see outside my window a cow: we're not going to get anywhere if you tell me it's a goat and someone else it's a zebra—nowhere except the nuthouse, that is.) Independent pictorial qualities which do not communicate symbolically thus reject the basic premise of human cooperation and survival, and must accordingly be admired in the more modest role of a luxury, of auxiliary decoration, which they have usually held. Consequently, an art that declines to accept the semantic relationship between man and his world is committed to reject the products of human society itself, tools and craft.

THESE AESTHETICS—of anti-art, of anti-intellectualism—have customarily gone hand in hand with concepts of the alienation of the artist. Nothing is more romantic than abstract expressionism in this country at the moment. My own studies in this kind of advanced, elitist literature in our century—of those like Eliot, Pound, Wyndham Lewis in England, the George-Kreis in Germany, and the Seillière-Massis band in France—have led me to conclude that it often cohabits with extreme social reaction. Reaction is glibly associated with conservatism, but that the two are totally different in art, at least the art of our era, is readily apparent. Did Thomas Mann hate the world, and detest the intellectual premises of human society?

The stylization of reality does not obligatorily have to be a revolt against the prem-

ises of that reality, although in some civilizations this may appear so. It appears so in ours. For the Camus of *L'Homme révolté*, for example, the "style" imposed by the artist on his world is essentially a negation of that world. The recrudescence of movements of strong stylization, or of a negation that radically alters "what is," after the second world war again suggests this theory, that an aesthetic value pertains in the act of creating a strong style in the face of a frustrating reality.

The substantiation of this theory is, indeed, so easy to find at the present moment that it makes the entire idea suspect of a certain facility. The imposition of style on a disparate and chaotic reality seems to force the impression of negation on the aesthete. It seems, in essence, an heroic act, one carried out in the teeth of Arnold's

strange disease of modern life
With its sick hurry, its divided aims
Its heads o'ertaxed, its palsied hearts.

After the first world war, then, dada and the rest of it. After the second, abstract expressionism or "action" painting and the fervid crusades of *Art News*. For a final clincher, too, consider the walls of any big "modern" American exhibition of art, particularly in the New York orbit, and notice how "style as vision" has run amok as an aesthetic philosophy. Camus's thesis should not be misrepresented, however:

The artist remakes the world after his own fashion . . . music does exist where symphonies are completed, where melody gives its form to the sounds which, alone, do not have it, where a particular arrangement of notes draws from natural disorder a unity which is satisfying for the mind and for the heart.

Unity is the artist's gift to human society, Camus says, and it may very well be achieved by revolt. It probably has been

achieved, as an aesthetic goal, in this way in the first half of the century in Europe as much as, or more than, at any other time.

It remains to be borne in mind, however, that this aesthetic goal is not the prerogative of eccentricity and extremism in art forms. A repugnance for the vital relationships that compose society in its fundamental norms can soon turn into a cliché—in our day and age a successful cliché, as the museum walls of New York City annually demonstrate. A program of abstraction can then push art along a path of false progression, or (better) "aheadofness," sanctioned (nay, sanctified) by the relentless canon of an "advanced" technology. A technology, one might add, which is rapidly spreading all its forms, and concomitant cultural emphases, back to Europe again, and which resulted in that recent classic statement by Mr. Washburn of the Carnegie Institute (*horresco referens*) that "Styles in art keep changing just they do in architecture, wallpaper and automobiles."

Fortunately the laws governing objects of ostensible use do not necessarily apply to art and it may be that Mr. Washburn is righter than we dare admit! This kind of painting does have a *couturier* quality about its incessant change and display. If so, then for the museum directors we have seriously attained that stage of what Thorstein Veblen called "aesthetic nausea," when "the new style must conform to the requirement of reputable wastefulness and futility."

IT STILL REMAINS highly debatable, however, whether the stylization of revolt is the only one inducing that clarification of unity which is the pabulum of art. Perhaps, indeed, the aesthetic energy necessary in that epiphanic leap from non-art to art, in that ordering of our world, actually requires more of those who find reality satis-

fyng. Can there be such an artist? Does he have the right to the title who enjoys life, and above all perceives beauty, in a century that has seen Büchenwald and the H-bomb?

The "action" painter roars back: No—to fail to defy reality is an act of consentment with corruption. (On a lower level, visible monthly in the art press, this attitude becomes vulgarized into calling any realist painter, who is not too old or too powerful to present competition to the prevailing coteries, "reactionary.")

But is consentment so obstinately ignorant as our avant-garde critics like to consider it? The reality of life is one constantly accorded us, and to give form to that reality *on its own terms* may well be the highest function possible for art today, conferring a coherent history on man's endeavors, and refusing the world as it is simply by affirming universal values. Abstract expressionism, I am suggesting, may well be too easy a way to achieve freedom—a spurious freedom, since the first step "against the grain" is no more than just that, it is conditioned by that reality which is being so mesmerically denied.

Meanwhile, the whole question of societal revulsion affecting art involves the increase of communicative media in the past fifty years; it involves so many questions of relative valuation that it is impossible to answer them. Were the Elizabethans more "violent" than we are? Who knows? We can never say. They frequented public executions (how many of them?)—a modern state countenanced the cremation of a race. To know whether our reality is really so chaotic and corrupted, or whether we are simply made more immediately aware of injustices today, we should need to have access to sociological studies of the kind made by *Fortune* teams in previous centuries. And even these would be challenged.

"The most important new concept in

American art is that 'everything' can be art, and that art can be 'everything,'" writes Thomas B. Hess, editor of *Art News*, in a recent issue of the London *Encounter*. And of a de Kooning canvas the *New York Times* informs us that "the only reference the picture makes is to the gestures that made it." At the same time the *New York Times*, via another critic, Kenneth B. Sawyer, also contemporaneously tells us that de Kooning is "Ingresque in his response to the sublunary world." Does anyone imagine statements like this mean anything? A painter further removed from Ingres than de Kooning would be hard indeed to think of. No, reading comments like these, one is brutally reminded of that moment in *Crome Yellow* when Mary Bracegirdle is alarmed to find Gombauld painting an intelligible picture—"After five years of schooling among the best judges, her instinctive reaction to a contemporary piece of representation was contempt. . . ."

Only here and there do we find the tide on the turn and the capitulation of the critics arrested, as in the reception of the recent New York exhibitions at French & Co., to whom Clement Greenberg was announced as artistic advisor. Even the *New York Times's* Dore Ashton, sympathetic to extreme abstraction, here found the decorative qualities of Barnett Newman ("part of the splendor of American painting in the past decade and a half," according to Greenberg) too much for her:

Newman's largest paintings with their slender dividing lines unquestionable produce tension. It is the kind of tension projected by architecture. We experience a gracefully scaled ceiling and wall with pleasure. In the same way, it is an experience to encounter an overwhelming field of navy blue, stretching on and on. . . . It is almost impossible to avoid producing some strong effect if you

posit giant areas of color on a white wall.

And, one might add, it is—or was—the artist's function to solve tensions, as well as create them. The Morris Louis exhibit, which followed Newman's at this gallery, was summarized by Carlyle Burroughs of the *New York Herald Tribune* as follows: "No draper, seriously concerned with making an interior handsome and vaguely exotic, could fulfill his decorative function with better taste."

What can be said, in conclusion, without too much controversy is that the craft of Western painting is a graphic patrimony, a signal of civilization, handed down to us from a culture whose assumptions may in some cases seem outdated. Yet the craft itself can still be made to work for our time,

regardless of the spectacular attacks and cultural bluffs made on it by this exclusive clan or that. "To be out of step with your contemporaries," writes Mr. Washburn, "is to be camouflaged. Although clearly visible, no one may chance to 'see' you."

To which one can only quote André Masson in reply: "that which goes contrary to the prevailing taste is, for me, the most precious of things . . . whatever is scorned, despised or not understood by the society in which one lives has prospects for the future." Attacked on all sides, the craft of painting goes gradually underground. As Baudelaire put it in his day,

voilà ce que c'est de venir dans un temps où il est reçu de croire que l'inspiration suffit et remplace le reste . . . voilà l'abîme ou mène la course désordonnée de Mazeppa.

Whatever Made Tertullian Rave

Whatever made Tertullian rave
or strict Jerome in anger kick
at his cub clawing in frolic
and live flagellant in a cave

or grim Savonarola not recant
with fire at his fingernails
or Dante circle several hells—
tops cedars in the high Levant

with domes of lissome cumulus,
uplifts from molten Orizaba
flaming spews of welting lava,
steadies over waves, tumultuous

in storm, winds wild with birds
in panic, strewn from echelon—
and ekes from this balked hand
the twisting filament of words.

SAMUEL HAZO

The Crack-Up of American Optimism: Vachel Lindsay, The Dante of the Fundamentalists

PETER VIERECK

What is shoddy in the American myth is not affirmation itself; classic tragedy affirms. What is shoddy is not the hard-won affirmation that follows tragic insight but the facile unearned optimism that leads only to disillusionment.

THE END OF an outer material frontier to explore in the west and midwest has helped cause the increasing inner explorations of the spirit. Vachel Lindsay represents a transition. Apparently still an outer explorer, an evoker of picturesque place-names and loud American noises in the fashion of an older school, yet in reality an inward voyager of the religious imagination and the aesthetic imagination, Lindsay remains the finest religious poet produced by America's most local native roots. He is the Dante of the Fundamentalists.

To call Lindsay a mouthpiece of Fundamentalism, is nothing new. What will here be suggested as new (and as fruitful for

future application to other writers) is a conservative hypothesis about the three-fold interaction between Lindsay's human crack-up, his Ruskin-aesthete mission, and his self-destructive attempt to maintain, against his increasing qualms, his Rousseau-Bryan utopian faith (the faith of his Fundamentalist religion and Populist politics). To explore such non-lyric straitjackets of his lyricism, is, be it stressed, not the same as that totalitarian philistia which judges art by its politics. And what will last of Lindsay is a few dozen lines (to be cited presently) of great lyric art.

The patronizing condescension with which Lindsay is read today is his penalty

for having had the courage to be generous, enthusiastic, inelegant. The resultant lyricism is particularly needed by American poetry today to counteract the current taste for fastidious formalism and the current fear of being ridiculous, ultimately a fear of being lyrical. Thus his best poetry, admittedly infrequent, will serve as a corrective to the current unlyrical elegance; while his worst, though more frequent, can no longer do harm, being too unfashionably remote from the current fastidiousness to make the wrong sort—the faddish sort—of converts.

The comparison of Lindsay with Dante is intended not in terms of greatness, whether of poetry or thought, but in terms of voicing one's roots. In their respective religious communities, each was the poet who best voiced his particular heritage. The contrasting views of man in those two heritages will broaden the second part of this discussion from Lindsay to American culture as a whole.

Lindsay is the Dante of America's only indigenous church: Fundamentalist Bible-belt revivalism. For that church he wrote major poetry of mystical vision, as well as the jingle junk (boomlay-boom) for which he is better known. Carrying further, church for church and relic for relic, the analogy with the Florentine poet of Catholicism, we may summarize: Lindsay's Rome was Springfield, Illinois; his Holy Roman Emperor was the specter of Abe Lincoln; his Virgil-guide was Johnny Appleseed. His Beatrice was "A Golden-Haired Girl in a Louisiana Town": "You are my love / If your heart is as kind/ As your eyes are now." His martyred Saint Sebastian was Governor Altgeld (persecuted for saving the Haymarket anarchists from lynching). His angel hosts were the Anti-Saloon League and the Salvation Army, lovingly washing in the "blood of

the lamb" the stenographers and garage mechanics of Chicago.

To continue the analogy: Lindsay's version of the Deadly Sins, as a middleclass Fundamentalist schoolma'am might see them, were the beguiling depravities of "matching pennies and shooting craps," "playing poker and taking naps." These two lines are from "Simon Legree," a combination of a Negro spiritual with a Calvinistic morality; the result of that combination can only be called intoxicated with sobriety. Dante's medieval heretics partly corresponded to what Lindsay called "the renegade Campbellites," a Fundamentalist splinter-group secession:

O prodigal son, O recreant daughter,
When broken by the death of a child,
You called for the graybeard Campbell-
lite elder,
Who spoke as of old in the wild. . . .
An American Millennium. . .
When Campbell arose,
A pillar of fire,
The great high priest of the spring. . . .

But then, in the same poem, comes the sudden self-mockery of:

And millennial trumpets poised, half-
lifted,
Millennial trumpets that wait.

Here the verb "wait," mocking the ever-unfulfilled prophecies of Fundamentalist revivalism, is the kind of slip that occurs accidentally-on-purpose. Such frequent semi-conscious slips represent Lindsay's protest against his self-imposed, self-deceiving role of trying to be more Fundamentalist than any Fundamentalist and more folkish than the real folk.

That self-imposed role, which ultimately became his shirt-of-Nessus, may have resulted from two tacit postulates. First, that poetry readers have no more right to laugh at the homespun Fundamentalist theology

of the old American west than at the subtler but perhaps no more pious-hearted theology of Dante's day. Second, that the American small-town carnival deserved as much respect as Dante's medieval pagants; it was as fitting a literary theme; it was no less capable of combining the divine with the humdrum.

Once you concede these two postulates to Lindsay, all the rest seems to follow, including such lofty Lindsay invocations as: "Love-town, Troy-town Kalamazoo" and "Hail, all hail the popcorn stand." It follows that the Fundamentalist prophet, Alexander Campbell, should debate with the devil upon none other than "a picnic ground." It follows that real, tangible angels jostle Lindsay's circus-barkers and salesmen of soda pop. And certainly Lindsay has as much aesthetic right to stage a modern Trojan war, over love, between Osh Kosh and Kalamazoo as Homer between Greeks and Trojans.

SO FAR SO GOOD. But Lindsay often absurdly overstrains this aesthetic right, these old-world analogies. For example, he hails not an easily-hailed American *objet* like, say, Washington's monument, but the popcorn stand.

Lindsay's motive for choosing the popcorn stand is not unconscious crudeness but conscious provocation. In effect he is saying: "By broadening the boundaries of aestheticism to include such hitherto-inacceptable Americana, my poetry is deliberately provoking, and thereby re-educating, all you supercilious eastern-seaboard-conditioned readers or Europe-conditioned readers."

But at the same time there is a suppressed saboteur within Lindsay, as within every exaggerated nationalist. That underground saboteur infiltrates Lindsay's poems via the most awkward-looking, absurdity-connoting letter in our alphabet, the letter

"K." For whatever psychological reasons, many Americans go into convulsions of laughter over the names of foreign towns like Omsk, Tomsk, Minsk, Pinsk, and nearer home, Hoboken, Yonkers, Keokuk, Sauk Center, not to mention those two Lindsay favorites, Osh Kosh and Kalamazoo.

The core of each of those place-names is a throaty, explosive "K." Try to picture each of that same list, from Omsk through Kalamazoo, being spelt with a modest initial "C" or a chic final "que" in place of the "K"; in that case the names would lose half their comic effect on the ordinary American. The letter "K" even *looks* lopsided, about to topple helplessly forward, an off-balance rube with metaphoric haywisp in its hair. More than any other letter, it connotes the awkward yokel. The words "awkward" and "yokel" themselves would not connote half so much awkwardness, were they not so conspicuously spelt with "K."

Aside from place-names and as further evidence for the hitherto unanalyzed role of "K" in American English, here are still other types of "K" usage with contemptuous connotations:

1. Awkward-looking alien animals: auk, aardvaark, kangaroo. In each instance, the animal's ridiculousness seems diminished if "c" or "que" are substituted for "K"; no awkward or comic connotation is attached to the Italian word for kangaroo, namely "canguro."

2. Epithets for allegedly crude aliens: yank (from southerners), kike, gook, chink, mick, kraut, bohunk (for Bohemian or Czech), hunky (for Hungarian), spik (for Porto Rican), smoke (for Negro), snorky (for Swede). These are too many examples to be coincidental, despite the non-K terms of racial contempt that also occur. Since, except for sauerkraut, "K" is lacking in the source-words for these epithets (e.g., Chinese into chink), it seems

as if "K" were deliberately added—perhaps as an imitation of throat-clearing—to make a nickname more insulting.

3. Compare the old comic-strip spelling of "Krazy Kat" with the sarcastic spelling of "Kommunist Khrushchev" in a 1960 press release by the New York State Secretary, Caroline K. Simon (self-hatred of her own middle initial?), and with the 1960 appeal by Admiral Arleigh Burke, Chief of Naval Operations, asking us to spell "Communists" as "Kommunists" in order to make clear their "foreignism" and their "Kremlin bosses."¹ These absurdities (would "Cremelin Communists" evoke a more trustful response?) reflect a very American linguistic bias.

Of course, no such deliberate linguistic analysis determined Lindsay's obsessive use of awkward town-names with "K." Rather, his use was determined by a blind instinct—a shrewdly blind instinct—for catching the very soul of spoken Americana. No one has ever equalled Lindsay's genius for manipulating the unconscious connotations of the colloquial, even though he perversely misused those connotations for the self-torturing purpose of provoking and then staring-down the ridicule of sophisticated audiences.

That willingness to provoke ridicule may produce his worst poems. Yet it is also the root of the moral courage producing his best poems, such as his elegy for the mob-defying Governor Altgeld of Illinois. Political poetry, even courageous political poetry, is by itself merely a rhymed editorial, better written in prose, unless universalized beyond journalism and arid ideologies into the non-political realm of artistic beauty. Lindsay's Altgeld poem remains one of the great American elegies because it does achieve this humanizing process, transfiguring courage into lyric tenderness:

Sleep softly. . . eagle forgotten. . . under
the stone. . .

The mocked and the scorned and the
wounded, the lame and the poor
That should have remembered forever. . .
remember no more. . .

Sleep softly. . . eagle forgotten. . . under
the stone,

Time has its way with you there, and the
clay has its own . . .

To live in mankind is far more than to
live in a name,

To live in mankind, far, far more. . .
than to live in a name.

However, more frequently the heroes Lindsay's poetry presents as the American equivalent of old-world Galahads are not exactly Altgelds. For example, the subtitle of his actual poem "Galahad" reads: "Dedicated to all Crusaders against the International and Interstate Traffic in Young Girls." The subtitle of his poem "King Arthur's Men Have Come Again" was equally earnest and uplifting, namely: "Written while a field-worker in the Anti-Saloon League of Illinois." Of course, the moral heritage of rural Fundamentalism particularly objects to alcohol, along with "playing poker and taking naps."

These twin odes to the Anti-Vice Squad and the Anti-Saloon League are bad poems not because the evil they denounce is un-serious but because their treatment of that evil sounds like a mock-heroic parody. To explain such bad writing in so good a poet, let us suggest the hypothesis that Lindsay's mentality included a demon of self-destruction, forever turning the preacher into the clown. This compulsion forced Lindsay, again and again in his verse, to strip himself in public of every shred of what he most prized: human dignity. Perhaps this inner demon was related to the compulsion that finally made Lindsay choose not just any method of suicide but

the most horribly painful method imaginable: swallowing a bottle of searing acid.

When a poet consistently exalts whatever heroes, place-names, and occupations sound most ludicrous to his modern poetry audience (for example, Lindsay was an avid exalter of college cheerleaders), then it may be either because he has no ear for poetry or because he has an excellent ear knowingly misused. The first explanation is easily ruled out by the beauty of the above Altgeld elegy. Aside from the self-destructive aspect, there is an important messianic-pedagogic aspect making the second explanation the more plausible one. For example, by inserting the pedantic adjective "interstate" in front of "traffic in young girls" and thereby incongruously juxtaposing the prosaic Mann Act law with the poetic word "Galahad," Lindsay says in effect:

"If you accept my hick-Fundamentalist approach to morality, which I happen to consider the only true and autochthonous American religion, then you must also accept the further implications of that approach. You must accept its humorless terminology, its ridicule-provoking bigotries. What is more, you must accept them with a religious spirit exactly as earnest as that with which Homer and Dante accepted their own autochthonous religious traditions."

Thus considered, Lindsay's poetry is not mere clowning, whether intentional or unintentional, but—in his own revealing phrase—"the higher vaudeville." The adjective "higher" makes all the difference; it means a medieval vaudeville, a messianic circus, a homespun midwest equivalent of the medieval fool-in-Christ.

IN REFUSING to be apologetic toward the old world about America's own kind of creativity, Lindsay does have a valid point. In refusing to allow European legends, heroes, place-names a greater claim on glam-

or than American ones, he again does have a valid point. Likewise when he establishes the American gift for finding loveliness in the exaggerated, the grotesque. But the self-sabotaging demon within him tends to push these valid points to extremes that strain even the most willing "suspension of disbelief."

When Lindsay fails to make us suspend our disbelief, the reason often is this: he is trying to link not two compatibles, such as prosaic object with prosaic rhetoric or fabulous object with fabulous rhetoric, but prosaic object with fabulous rhetoric. Modern university-trained readers of poetry react unsolemnly to: "Hail, all hail the popcorn stand." Why? Because of a gap I would define as the Lindsay disproportion. The Lindsay disproportion is the gap between the heroic tone of the invocation and the smallness of the invoked object.

But Lindsay's aim, rarely understool by modern readers, was to overcome that disproportion between tone and object by conjuring up a mystic grandeur to sanctify the smallness of American trivia. That mystic grandeur derived from his dream of America as a new world free from old-world frailty, free from original sin. His dream-America was infinitely perfectable, whatever its present faults. Even its most trivial objects were sacred because incarnating the old Rousseauistic dream of natural goodness of man and eternal progress.

Lindsay believed, or felt he ought to believe, in the impossible America invented by the French poet Chateaubriand and other European romantics. Later, much later (nature imitating art) that invented America was sung by Americans themselves, by Emerson and Whitman. In poetry this utopian American myth culminated in Lindsay's "Golden Book of Springfield" and Hart Crane's "The Bridge"; in politics it culminated in the

Populist and Progressive movements of the west.

But the laws of history and human nature permits no "new world" to be really new; Americans contain the same very human mixture of aspiration and fallibility as the old world. Europe's romantic expectation of superhuman achievements in democracy or in culture from America, an expectation that duped the Lindsays and the Hart Cranes as well as the European romantic school that invented it, has helped cause the current European disillusionment with America (even entirely aside from the lies of Communist propaganda). Had Europeans not been so exaggeratedly pro-American in their hopes, they would not be so exaggeratedly anti-American in their despair but would see us as ordinary human beings like themselves.

The paradox behind European expectations of the new world appears in a supposed anecdote of the 1800's about Chateaubriand. He had arrived in America to flee European artificiality and to search for the unspoiled noble savage. And sure enough, as Chateaubriand was creeping through the wild jungle then filling northern New York State around Niagara Falls, he glimpsed a tribe of wild Indians between the trees. They were moving in a circle, as if in some primordial folk-ceremony. Bravely defying the dangers primitive America holds for older civilizations, he crept closer and closer through the thicket, to record for his friends in Paris an eye-witness account of unspoiled Americana in the midst of nature's wilderness. Suddenly he recognized what the Redskins were dancing. Led by a little mincing French dancing-master, whom they had imported at great expense from Paris for that purpose, the Indians were pirouetting daintily through the latest steps of a formal Parisian ballroom number.

This anecdote is an allegory for Euro-

pean-American literary relations ever since. European critics are forever visiting our American literature to find a mystical, non-existent Noble Primitive. Instead they find some blasé professor, with a tweedy Oxford jacket and Boston accent, dancing with dreadful nimbleness through some complicated *explication de texte* of Proust. . . .

Instead of pouncing with shoddy glee on the absurd aspects of the Lindsay disproportion between tone and object, let us re-examine more rigorously the Chateaubriand-style dream of America behind those absurd aspects. That American myth is part of a romantic, optimistic philosophy seriously maintained, whatever one may think of it, by great or almost-great minds like Rousseau and Emerson. Therefore, it is unjust to dismiss that same philosophy contemptuously in Lindsay merely because his name has less prestige than theirs. What is wrong-headed in him, is wrong-headed in his preceptors also. He and they dreamed of a new world miraculously reborn without the burden of past history. That unhistorical myth of America distinguishes Whitman and Lindsay from Hawthorne and Faulkner in literature. It distinguishes Jefferson from John Adams in political philosophy. It distinguishes Fundamentalist revivalism, with its millennium just around the corner, and also the hope of quick redemption that Lindsay's poetry hailed in the Salvation Army, from Niebuhrian pessimism within the American Protestant religion. While Lindsay is the Dante of the Fundamentalists, he differs from the old-world Catholic Dante by substituting a romantic, optimistic view of man for the tragic view held by traditional Christianity as well as Greek classicism.

ON THIS ISSUE American literature has two conflicting traditions, the first romantic and progressive, the second classical and

conservative. The first heartily affirms American folklore, American democratic and material progress. That Whitman-Emerson literary tradition cracked up in Vachel Lindsay and Hart Crane.² It cracked up not merely in their personal breakdowns and final suicides—let us not overstress mere biography—but in the aesthetic breakdown of the myth-making part of their poetry. The non-mythic part of their poetry, its pure lyricism, never did break down and in part remains lastingly beautiful.

A second American tradition is that of the literary pessimists, a new-world continuation of the great Christian pessimists of the old world, from Saint Augustine to Kierkegaard and Cardinal Newman. In America the second literary tradition is just as authentically American as the first one but has never received the same popular recognition, being less comforting. The most influential literary voices of our second tradition are Melville, Hawthorne, Henry Adams, William Faulkner. Its greatest political heritage comes from the *Federalist* papers and from the actual anti-Jeffersonian party of the Federalists, with their partly European source not in Rousseau but in Burke. Its most influential theological voices in America today are Paul Tillich and Reinhold Niebuhr. These literary, political, and theological voices are characterized by scepticism about man and mass and by awareness of the deep sadness of history. Therefore, their bulwark against man and mass and against the precariousness of progress is some relatively conservative framework of traditional continuity, whether in culture, literature, politics, or religion.

The necessity of tragedy, the necessity of recognizing human frailty, human limitation, the perpetualness of evil, a chastened scepticism about human nature and progress: such are the tenets of the per-

haps primarily philosophical and aesthetic movement (perhaps only secondarily and then often blunderingly political) known as the new conservatism. These tenets seem partly confirmed by the failure of Lindsay's and Hart Crane's attempts to create a new, untragic kind of myth for America. As if original sin stopped west of the Alleghenies! As if the democratic American, like the noble savage of Rousseau, were immune from human frailty and immune from the spiritual price paid for industrial progress.

To be sure, the attitudes of Emerson and of Whitman (often more tragic and ambivalent than realized) were never so naive or unqualified as the above. But such was the over-simplified form their liberal American creed often took in their main literary heirs, including Lindsay and Crane. Note which two are the only American poets Lindsay names in his long "Litany of the Heroes":

Then let us seek out shining Emerson,
Teacher of Whitman, and better priest
of man,

The self-reliant granite American.

Emerson, it will be remembered, appealed to what he called "the great optimism self-affirmed in all bosoms." The germ of Lindsay's and Crane's attempts to force themselves to affirm industrial Americana lies in the following optimistic affirmation of material progress that Emerson noted in his journal for 1871: "In my life-time have been wrought five miracles—1. the steamboat; 2. the railroad; 3. the electric telegraph; 4. the application of the spectroscope to astronomy; 5. the photograph—five miracles which have altered the relations of nations to each other." The best rebuttal to this attempt to affirm "miracles" like the railroad, before having made sure whether they were man's master or slave, came from Emerson's friend Tho-

reau: "We do not ride on the railroad; it rides on us."

Anticipating the attempts of the Emersonian Lindsay to make a "Troytown" out of every Kalamazoo and to find a Helen in every Osh Kosh, Emerson wrote: "Banks and tariffs, the newspaper and caucus," were "dull to dull people but rest on the same foundations of wonder as the town of Troy and the temple of Delphos." There in one sentence stands the whole Lindsay crusade to rebaptize Americana with wonder, a crusade in itself justifiable but lacking, in both Emerson and Lindsay, the criteria for discriminating between which industrial Americana were wonder-worthy and which ones, being tied to mean goals, were wonder-destroying. Apropos the mean goals of so much mechanical progress, it was, once again, the profounder Thoreau who punctured in advance the Emerson-Whitman-Lindsay-Crane optimism by warning: "We are now in great haste to construct a magnetic telegraph from Maine to Texas; but Maine and Texas, it may be, have nothing important to communicate."

THE OPTIMISTIC progress-affirming and folklore-affirming voices of Emerson and Whitman cracked up in their disciples Lindsay and Crane when the crushing of the individual in modern mechanization became simply too unbearable to affirm. The modern poet of progress may try to keep up his optimistic grin for his readers while the custard pie of "higher vaudeville" drips down his face. But past a certain point, he can no longer keep up the grin, whether psychologically in his private life or aesthetically in his public poetry. Our overadjusted standardization becomes just one custard pie too many for the unadjusted poet to affirm, no matter how desperately he tries to shout his inner tragic insight by shouting (in Lindsay's

case) "Hail, all hail the popcorn stand" and by hailing (in Crane's case) the Brooklyn Bridge as "the myth whereof I sing." Lindsay and Crane committed suicide in 1931 and 1932 respectively, in both cases in that depression era which seemed temporarily to end the boundless optimism of American material progress.

Lindsay's "Golden Book of Springfield" and Crane's "The Bridge," though so different in other respects, are the two outstanding examples of trying to contrive an untragic myth of affirmation out of our modern industrial progress.

Lindsay and Crane celebrated the American myth more enthusiastically than would the philistine kind of booster because, unlike the philistine, they were boosters not by temperament but by a self-coercion which their temperament was constantly sabotaging. The genuine booster will affirm not all but most Americana; Lindsay and Crane sometimes seemed to try to affirm all. Lindsay's idealizing of the Hollywood cinema, and Hart Crane's romanticizing of what he called the "oil-rinsed ecstasy" of even such gadgets as ball-bearings, were acts of desperation; they were forcing themselves to affirm even those crass aspects of American mechanization that they themselves suffered from most. In both cases the self-coercion proved literally unbearable; neither of our greatest literary optimists could *bear* staying alive on his own yes-saying terms.

Perhaps there is a profound lesson in the fact that both these poets of affirmation led miserable and so-called unsuccessful lives, ending in suicide, while T. S. Eliot, the fastidious no-sayer, who wrote the pessimism of *The Waste Land* instead of glorifying Springfield or the Brooklyn Bridge, has been thriving most successfully. Perhaps the lesson is that our modern industrial age is so unbearable that it drives its own boosters to insanity and

self-destruction while acclaiming its knockers with Nobel prizes.

But even aside from our own particular age and the madness that strikes down the muse that would embrace its machines, it is a conservative fact of life that unqualified optimism about human nature results in disaster. Robert Penn Warren showed this in his long poem about Jefferson, *Brother to Dragons*. When events do finally force the excessive optimist to allow for human frailty, he ends up more disillusioned, more inclined to either self-destruction or terrorism than the conservative who was pessimistic from the start.

Lindsay's poems celebrate by specific references every single one of the main voices of American optimism: the Rousseau-Jefferson view of human psychology, the political utopianism of Jacksonian democracy, the economic utopianism of the Populists, the religious utopianism of Fundamentalist chiliasm, and the Emerson-Whitman literary tradition. All five of these often separate voices converge to produce one of Lindsay's most revealing couplets:

God has great estates just past the line,
Green farms for all, and meat and corn
and wine.

The key line preceding that couplet is "Turn the bolt—how soon we would be free!" That line recalls the radical, anti-traditionalist slogan of that Bible of the French Revolution, Rousseau's *Social Contract* of 1762: "Man is born free and is everywhere in chains." Actually what makes man free is precisely those so-called "chains" of tradition, of established religion, of unbroken historical continuity; they free him from the *hubris* of his own nature, which becomes self-destructive if without traditional "chains." To vary the metaphor, freedom, in the older Christian and Burkean view, depends on a reverent conserving of traffic-lights, not on a Rous-

seauist-optimist-radical smashing of them.

Despite coercing himself painfully into enjoying progress, Lindsay also had his bitter side about the relationship between the muse and the machine age. Our 1950's, like his 1920's, suffered from the pressure of overadjusted public life against the privacy of the free imagination. Resuming the analogy with Dante's *Divine Comedy*, we note that Lindsay's poetry had not only its Paradiso, in his dream of his future Springfield, but its Inferno in the Springfield of his own day. His Inferno was the same as ours: the standardizing side of the America he secretly hated when he affirmed her, secretly loved when he rejected her. "Inferno" is not too strong a word for the soul-destroying commercialism whose symbols, in his poetry, were broken factory windows. This occasional bitterness about commercialism reflected the same kind of unadjusted poetic imagination as Baudelaire's bitterness about *l'esprit belge*. In Lindsay that anti-cash-nexus reaction produced two of the strongest, leanest lines ever written on the subject:

Factory windows are always broken. . . .

End of the factory-window song.

LINDSAY HOPED a rooted, American Fundamentalist religion from the midwest would soon, in his own words, be "Building against our blatan, restless time / An unseen, skilful, medieval wall." This neo-medieval wall would overcome, he hoped, the secular materialism he attributed to the midwest of his day. He hoped to regenerate industrialism not by rejecting it pessimistically but by sanctifying it optimistically through a new religious era:

Think not that incense-smoke has had
its day.

My friends, the incense-time has but
begun. . . .

And on our old, old plains some muddy
stream,

Dark as the Ganges, shall, like that
strange tide—

(Whispering mystery to half the
earth)—

Gather the praying millions to its side.

Being also an amateur painter, Lindsay distributed on street corners his pictures of censers in the sky, swinging their "incense-time" redeemingly above Springfield, Illinois. To the open-mouthed, dumbfounded burghers of Springfield he distributed, as free messianic tracts, a poem called "The Soul of the City Receiving the Gift of the Holy Ghost":

Censers are swinging
Over the town. . .
Censers are swinging,
Heaven comes down.
City, dead city,
Awake from the dead!

Whenever Lindsay came to believe something, he believed it strongly enough to want to make all his neighbors believe it also. Risking mockery and rebuff, he had the courageous idealism of giving unsolicited home-printed copies of his message to those who least wanted to receive it: "I flooded Springfield with free pamphlets incessantly." For such crusades he might be called either a crank or a genuine American saint. Instead of either of these alternatives, he pictured himself as following the footsteps of his religious and folk hero Johnny Appleseed. Thus in his prose piece, *Adventures Preaching Hieroglyphic Sermons*, Lindsay wrote: "Johnny Appleseed, whom I recommend to all men who love visions, was a man of lonely walking, a literal Swedenborgian all his days, distributing tracts when occasionally he met a settler. . . . I am for Johnny Appleseed's United States."

The more the forces of cash-nexus made Springfield secular, materialistic, overad-

justed, the more did Lindsay (in his own words) "hand out to anyone who would take it in the street" the counterforce of his poem "Springfield Magical":

In this, the City of my Discontent,
Sometimes there comes a whisper from
the grass,
"Romance, Romance—is here. No Hindu
town
Is quite so strange. No Citadel of Brass
By Sinbad found, held half such love and
hate" . . .
In this, the City of my Discontent!

How did his good neighbors respond to all this distribution of rhymed broadsides, this revivalist saving of their souls at street corners? Lindsay comments wistfully: "It was at this point that I was dropped from such YMCA work and Anti-Saloon League work as I was doing in the Springfield region."

Such was America's negative response to Lindsay's often valid gospel of beauty. Yet his faith in the American myth prevented him from becoming the type of the irreconcilable martyr-crank. If anything, he was reconciled all too easily to the commercialist society that rejected him. For example, he tried symbolically to beautify and thereby redeem the industrial revolution by his poem in praise of the electric-light ads on Broadway:

The signs in the street and the signs in
the skies
Shall make a new Zodiac, guiding the
wise,
And Broadway make one with that mar-
vellous stair
That is climbed by the rainbow-clad
spirits of prayer.

These flashing ad-signs of Times Square would indeed be, as Lindsay pretended, the most beautiful thing in the world if only

(as Chesterton said) we did not know how to read.

Lindsay could not have continued writing, or even staying alive, in any society to which he could not be reconciled more easily than reality ever permits; he was too steeped in the boundless expectations of the Fundamentalist millennial spirit, the spirit he called "the Resurrection parade."

Thus Lindsay quoted with approval Alexander Campbell's appropriately named magazine *The Millennial Harbinger*, in which that Fundamentalist prophet wrote in 1865, "the present material universe . . . will be wholly regenerated." Himself a learned man and by no means "crude" in the more popular meaning of Fundamentalist revivalism, Campbell nevertheless fitted into the optimist-Rousseauist tradition by rejecting Original Sin and by rejecting baptism at birth as unnecessary and reactionary—evil allegedly not being present in human nature that early but added by corrupt society later.

What is shoddy in the American myth is not affirmation itself; classic tragedy affirms ("Gaiety transfiguring all that dread"). What is shoddy is not the hard-won affirmation that follows tragic insight but the facile unearned optimism that leads only to disillusionment. Here is a prose example of how Lindsay's valid crusade against the adjective "standardized" collapses suddenly into a too-easy optimism:

I have been looking out of standardized windows of "The Flat-Wheeled Pullman Car." I have been living in standardized hotels, have been eating jazzed meals as impersonal as patent breakfast-food. . . . The unstandardized thing is the overwhelming flame of youth . . . an audience of one thousand different dazzling hieroglyphics of flame My mystic Springfield is here, also, in its fashion . . . a Springfield torn down and rebuilt from the very foundations, according to

visions that might appear to an Egyptian . . . or any one else whose secret movie-soul was a part of the great spiritual movie.

Note the typical Lindsay disproportion by which this moving passage ends with an appalling anticlimax, equating Hollywood's facile commercialized "visions" with the tragically earned classic ones. Yet his best and worst writing are so intertwined that this "movie soul" gush is immediately followed by one of his finest prose passages about American democracy at its noblest:

I believe that civic ecstasy can be so splendid, so unutterably afire, continuing and increasing with such apocalyptic zeal, that the whole visible fabric of the world can be changed And I say: change not the mass, but change the fabric of your own soul and your own visions, and you change all.

In Lindsay's Springfield Paradiso of tomorrow: "civic ecstasy." But in his Springfield Inferno of today: "Factory windows are always broken." Hence his outburst: "I went through the usual Middle West crucifixion of the artist." That outburst, so typical of the midwest artist of the 1920's and so rarely heard in the more humanistic midwest of today, was valid enough for his time. It should not be snubbed as sentimental by later and sleeker artists, batten- ing on fellowships and snob-appeal and producing art more elegant, less anguished than Lindsay's. But let us of the post Sinclair Lewis generation note also the converse of Lindsay's outburst: namely, the usual verbal crucifixion of the Middle West by the artist.

WHEN LINDSAY was a child, an old duck-pond diviner pronounced this Delphic utterance about America's future laureate of Fundamentalism: "A child of destiny and also fond of sweets." This comment, in which the word "also" is particularly im-

portant, proved prophetic of Lindsay's combination of a messianic religious message with a lyrical aestheticism. In his messianic aspect of propagating the untragic American myth, he called himself a "cartooning preacher," a half-mocking phrase reminiscent of his phrase "the higher vaudeville." In his aesthetic aspect, preaching what one of his poems called "A Gospel of Beauty," he sometimes saw himself as a log-cabin Pater; it is often overlooked that, in such poems as "The King of Yellow Butterflies," Lindsay was more of a "pure aesthete" than most of the French Parnassians at their most ethereal.

But Lindsay's aesthetic aspect was more frequently modeled on Ruskin's semi-moralized aestheticism: "One of my crimes was a course of lectures at the YMCA on Ruskin's famous chapters on the nature of Gothic." No wonder "there were days in my home town when the Babbitts . . . were about ready to send me to jail or burn me at the stake for some sort of witchcraft, dimly apprehended, but impossible for them to define"; that quotation reveals Lindsay's admirable courageous honesty about making no concessions to the antipoetic clichés of his burgher audiences. But the darker undertone of the quotation also reveals his self-destructive compulsion to state his beliefs, in this case perfectly reasonable beliefs, in the terms most calculated to provoke incomprehension and ridicule.

Lindsay's authentic western Americana were never presented for their own sake, never merely as quaint antiques for the tourist trade. Rather, they were presented for the more serious purposes of either his Whitman-messianic aspect or his Ruskin-aesthetic aspect, depending on whether the given poem happened to be fond of destiny or of sweets. The obsessiveness these two aspects had for him was best summed up in his own words: "Incense and splendor

haunt me as I go." In the end the psychological and social meaning of his poems remains secondary to their lyricism; and indeed his poems achieve their occasional social effectiveness only via their lyricism, rather than apart from it. At his best, Lindsay incarnates for America the importance and dignity of spontaneous song: its ennobling and rehumanizing role in a standardized machine age.

Part of Lindsay's aesthetic compulsion, giving him the uniqueness only possessed by major poets, lies in his juxtaposition of the delicate and the grotesque: for example, in his phrase "the flower-fed buffaloes of the spring," subject of one of his purest lyrics. Running through his diversities of titles and subject matter, note also the delicate and the grotesque color-juxtapositions of "the king of yellow butterflies" with "the golden whales of California" and the semantic juxtaposition of "harps in heaven" with "the sins of Kalamazoo." Such gargoyle tenderness is a genre of sensibility explored by few other poets beside Beddoes, Rimbaud, Dylan Thomas, the poets with whom Lindsay's unfulfilled genius, beneath its tough loud disguises, properly belongs. In a situation Beddoes would have cherished, here is a typical example of gargoyle tenderness in Lindsay; "The Song of the Garden-Toad" expresses the agony and hate of worms when the gardener crushes their soil, with unconscious cruelty, in order to plant airy flowers:

Down, down beneath the daisy beds,
O hear the cries of pain! . . .
I wonder if that gardener hears
Who made the mold all fine
And packed each gentle seedling down
So carefully in line?

I watched the red rose reaching up
To ask him if he heard
Those cries that stung the evening earth

Till all the rose-roots stirred.
 She asked him if he felt the hate
 That burned beneath them there.
 She asked him if he heard the curse
 Of worms in black despair.

Delicacy is not a noun most modern readers associate with Lindsay. Yet his sense of cadence was so very delicate that it disguised itself defensively, his time and place being what they were, beneath ear-splitting auditory signposts. His signposts deliberately pointed in the wrong direction, the loud indelicate direction. Living where he did and believing the myth he believed, he needed to conceal his bitter, introverted sensitivity beneath the extroverted optimism of American folklore—that is, beneath a tone deliberately coarse, chummy, whooping, the whiz-bang claptrap of poems like “The Kallyope Yell.” In such curiosities of our literature, no poet was ever more perversely skilful at sounding embarrassingly unskilful. No poet was ever more dexterous at sounding gauche. What in Whitman was merely a would-be “barbaric yawp,” does yawp with an unbearably successful barbarism in Lindsay:

I am the Gutter Dream,
 Tune-maker born of steam . . .
 Music of the mob am I,
 Circus-day's tremendous cry:—
 Hoot toot, hoot toot, hoot toot, hoot toot,
 Willy willy willy wah HOO!

Followed, as if that were not enough, with the dying fall, the final fading yawp of: “Sizz, fizz.”

Consequently Lindsay's poetry is often defined as mere oratory, to be shouted aloud by a mob chorus. Part of him wanted this view to be held. Another part of him lamented: “I have paid too great a penalty for having a few rhymed orations. All I write is assumed to be loose oratory or even jazz, though I have never used the word

‘jazz’ expect in irony.” His best work, often his least known work, was produced by the part of him that once confessed: “All my poetry marked to be read aloud should be whispered . . . for the inner ear . . . whispering in solitude.”

Admittedly Lindsay is to blame (via the pseudo-tough defense mechanism of his sensitivity) for the fact that his work is generally associated with an extroverted booming voice: for example, with his University of Kansas football cheers, his Salvation Army trumpets. Yet the truest voice of his poetry is its quietness. That quietness produced line after line of imaginative evocation. Line after line of it comes tumbling again and again—at random from a dozen unconnected poems—over that “inner ear” in all of us to which he “whispered.” To which his lyricism still whispers today, quietly beautiful, in line after line like this:

“The little lacquered boxes in his hands.”

“They shiver by the shallow pools.”

“I am a trout in this river of light.”

“Stealer of vases of most precious ointment.”

“Her ears became the tiniest humorous calf's-ears.” (This of the Egyptian bovine deity of love, Hathor.)

“You will go back as men turn to Kentucky,

Land of their fathers, dark and bloody ground.”

“Abraham Lincoln Walks At Midnight.”

“Sleep softly . . . eagle forgotten . . . under the stone.”

“O empty boats, we all refuse, that by our windows wait.”

And even when an actual loud “cry” is described, what a dreamy inner cry: “We will sow secret herbs and plant old roses” while “Green monkeys cry in Sanskrit to their souls.” Many poets have written of the “sounding sea”; none has made it sound so hushed, so inward as this:

Useful are you. There stands the useless
one

Who builds the Haunted Palace in the
sun.

Good tailors, can you dress a doll for me
With silks that whisper of the sounding
sea?

Here is an entire poem of delicate quiet-
ness:

Euclid

Old Euclid drew a circle
On a sand-beach long ago.
He bounded and enclosed it
With angles thus and so.
His set of solemn graybeards
Nodded and argued much
Of arc and of circumference,
Diameter and such.
A silent child stood by them
From morning until noon
Because they drew such charming
Round pictures of the moon.

This Lindsay parable of the two meanings of circles purges the modern reader of arid, abstract rationalism and re-humanizes, re-lyricizes, de-mechanizes him. The poem avoids coyness and cuteness, even if only by a triumphant hair's breadth, and thereby achieves not the facile but the difficult kind of simplicity.

Like Yeats, Lindsay transforms sentimentality into true art by means of the accompanying anti-sentimentality of nervously sinewy rhythms. Note, for example, the craftsmanship with which the lean rhythmic rightness of these two Lindsay quatrains redeems their otherwise sentimental rhetoric:

Why do I faint with love
Till the prairies dip and reel?
My heart is a kicking horse
Shod with Kentucky steel.

No drop of my blood from north
Of Mason and Dixon's line.
And this racer in my breast
Tears my ribs for a sign.

SUCH POETRY is a pure art for art's sake. Yet the same author could also be a poet of urgent social polemic. Here is Lindsay's higher-vaudeville imitation of how a sixteen-year-old Bryanite Populist Democrat in 1896 would have viewed the revolt of western mass egalitarianism against the traditionalism and aristocracy attributed to America's eastern seaboard:

Defeat of western silver.
Defeat of the wheat.
Victory of letterfiles
And plutocrats in miles
With dollar signs upon their coats
And spats on their feet.
Victory of custodians,
Plymouth Rock,
And all that inbred landlord stock.
Victory of the neat
Defeat of the Pacific and the long Miss-
issippi
And all these in their helpless days
By the dour East oppressed, . . .
Crucifying half the West,
Till the whole Atlantic coast
Seemed a giant spiders' nest
And all the way to frightened Maine the
old East heard them call, . . .
Prairie avenger, mountain lion,
Bryan, Bryan, Bryan, Bryan,
Smashing Plymouth Rock with his boul-
ders from the West.

Let us consider that extraordinary Bryan poem first aesthetically, then politically. Note the sensuous concreteness of imagery. Instead of characterizing Bryan's enemies with the abstract, unlyrical word "the rich," Lindsay says concretely: "Victory of letter files/And plutocrats in miles/With dollar signs upon their coats." His self-mocking

sense of humor, the subtlety of his pseudo-crudity, explains the surrealist fantasy of pretending, with wonderful preposterousness, that plutocrats literally wear dollar signs on their coats.

Taken in its political symbolism, Lindsay's aesthetic image of the Populists "smashing Plymouth Rock" tells more than many prose volumes about the psychology of this recurrent American form of social protest. The invocation "avenger, mountain lion" brings out the motivating importance of revenge in Populism, revenge for having been humiliated and patronized by "that inbred landlord stock" of Plymouth Rock. The same emotion of revenge-for-humiliation is often shared by recent immigrants in Boston and the east as well as by the older American stock in the west, including Wisconsin. Therefore, the emotion portrayed in Lindsay's Bryan poem helps explain the neo-Populist nationalist demagoguery of the early 1950's. No wonder the latter was, in part, a demagoguery of social inferiority complex that resented primarily not the Communists, whom it denounced, but the social élite (Ivy League colleges, State Department of Groton-Harvard Acheson), whom it implicated.

In Lindsay's day, the midwest dream of messianic mass-ecstasy in politics (really, Fundamentalist revivalism secularized) still had a touching youthful innocence; his Bryan poem, despite its doctrinaire social message, could still succeed in being movingly lyrical; American optimism was cracking but not yet cracked up. In contrast, the neo-Populist demagoguery of our own day can find no voice, whether poetic or social-reformist, of Lindsay's cultural or moral stature. For meanwhile American standardization plus Ortega's "revolt of the masses" have transformed salvation-via-mob from innocent dream to sordid nightmare. And from genuine economic needs

(such as Populist farmers exploited by railroads) to economic hypochondria.

Even the early Lindsay had not been able to celebrate without tragic qualms (disguised as comic hamming with K's and popcorn stands) this utopian faith in the mass-instinct. After his death, this pure young optimism of the west degenerated into a frustrated and scapegoat-hunting optimism, a soured and hence lynch-mob-minded faith in the avenging People. On the biographical plane: Lindsay himself partly succumbed to this process in the final paranoid³ fantasies accompanying his suicide. On the plane of social psychology: it is the process whereby soured left-wing radicals, the Populists and LaFollette Progressives of yesteryear, have become right-wing radicals (would-be conservatives) while significantly still retaining their basic Populist-folksy-isolationist resentment against eastern-Anglophile élites.⁴ Ponder, for example, the isolationist-Anglophobe career of a Senator Nye or a Senator Wheeler, forever "smashing Plymouth Rock"—first from left, then from right—"with his boulders from the West."

Here are two examples far more extreme. Father Coughlin, starting out as a western free-silver radical of the old Populist left, became a pro-Nazi, Anglophobe, anti-semitic radical of the "right" without ever having to change his (and his mass-movement's) true emotional bias, the bias against fancy eastern city slickers and international bankers. Likewise Ezra Pound's wartime broadcasts for Mussolini, against Jewish and British international bankers, have their true psychological and social origin in the midwestern free-silver Populist background of Pound's earlier tracts on economics and on the "conspiracies" of the Wall Street gold standard.

From this salvation-via-mob dilemma, with its false choice between leftist and rightist mob-hatreds, Lindsay himself

pointed the way out. The way out was love: not that philistine-humanitarian love of progress (so aptly refuted by Edmund Burke and Irving Babbitt) whose hug squashes individuals into an impersonal mass; but the creative lyric love that flows healingly from the inner integrity—the holy imagination—of great art. In short, when Lindsay did voice deeply enough the roots of the human condition, he became simply an artist, a fundamental poet, rather than merely the poet of the Fundamentalists. His poem "The Leaden-Eyed" describes perfectly the human price paid for unimaginative standardization and at the same time, through its lyricism, demands the rehumanizing of the machine age:

Not that they starve, but starve so dream-
lessly,
Not that they sow, but that they seldom
reap,
Not that they serve, but have no gods to
serve,
Not that they die but that they die like
sheep.

Such a rehumanizing-through-creativity as Lindsay achieved at his best, seems the only way out from our age of the three impersonal M's: masses, machines, and mediocrity. This great, absurd, and holy poet of America's native religious roots merits the adjective "God-intoxicated" because he

found the redeeming religious imagination everywhere, everywhere—in the absurd as well as in the high:

Once, in the city of Kalamazoo,
The gods went walking, two and two.

And finally (after boomlay-booms are over) there remains his noble seven-word line that expresses the exhausting yet creative tension between the outer ethical demands of society and the aesthetic demands of inwardness; let us conclude, then, with Vachel Lindsay's quietest line: "Courage and sleep are the principal things."

¹Burke-Simon quotes are from the *New York Times*, March 20, 1960, p. 43, and the *Paris Herald-Tribune*, editorial page, April 2, 1960.

²For a parallel analysis of Crane's machine symbolism, see P. Viereck, "The Poet in the Machine Age," essay in the *Journal of the History of Ideas*, January 1949; also reprinted as appendix of Viereck, *Strike Through The Mask* (New York: Scribner, 1950).

³Lindsay's reputed dying words, after swallowing a bottle of searing Lysol: "They tried to get me; I got them first." Cf. Hart Crane's comparable *cri de coeur*: "I could not pick the arrows from my side"—with his similar frustrated optimism (so much more tragic than Eliot's pessimism) about the mechanized "American dream."

⁴For full documentation (no space here) of this admittedly debatable hypothesis, see the section "Direct Democracy: From Populist Left to Nationalist Right," pp. 129-223, in P. Viereck, *The Unadjusted Man* (Boston: Beacon Press, 1956).

Restoration

Where he saws, the wood reaching the size
Of a stunted limb grows amply tight
For keeping wind and mice from gnawing in.

This house that is a tomb of much that's past
Is stone, but its wood has grown too old for use:
The doors refuse to close, the frames

Where windows looked out upon a band
Of Hessians marching towards a trap, will hold
No glass. Tramps have found a haven

Here, sleeping between spaces on what termites and
The weather spared. Who laid these boards was
Handicapped by clumsy tools,

And yet he was no fool. The house still
Leans upon the sloping ground where his
Plans were spread across the grass.

The lines which he drew have disappeared,
But the house is witness to his skill.
Tear down the wood and scrape the rust

From nails a dead man's agile tongs once gripped
Within the furnace of a dream, for this
Is a dreamt house, though the visionary

Sleeper's sight is blank as bones. Like Time's
Worms who scraped the scheming flesh into
Oblivion, I scrape this rust

From nails. The first planed board goes up. He holds
It while I nail. The hammer knocks like
The heartbeats in a panting breast.

More boards, more nails, and surely his ghost will smile
In the dreams of those who live here now and revive
Drugged centuries with their swinging arms.

JACK LINDEMAN

For conservatism to live and grow, it must be discerningly critical — toward the human situation, toward its opponents, and toward itself.

The Critical Process of Conservatism

DEAN TERRILL

CONSERVATISM is a comprehensive body of ideas and principles upon which to order one's life in society. Because it is so comprehensive, it has a political aspect; and because it possesses a political aspect, conservatism is automatically in trouble. One does not have to live many years to know that no truer words were ever spoken than those that proclaim politics as one of the three areas (love and war being the other two) in which everything dastardly must be expected.

The ideological opponents of conservatism have always feared it, and never more so than today, when it is vigorously reviving from a condition of near rigor mortis;

and they stop at nothing to make it unattractive. If Lowell Mason, Ex-Commissioner of the Federal Trade Commission, had not, in his recent book, *The Language of Dissent*, convinced me that decent, intelligent people had better cut their tongues out rather than tattle to the FTC to enlist Big Brother's grisly assistance, I should be inclined to recommend that conservatism lodge a complaint against its competing ideologies, particularly the one whose most self-righteous leaders are the loudest in proclaiming themselves to be liberals.

The so-called liberals (although there are more accurately descriptive words for many of them) are, beyond a doubt, guilty of the

most unfair competition, and particularly are they guilty of false and misleading advertising. And the worst of it is that they do not stop at painting their own lily in falsely beautiful colors: they even more snidely paint conservatism in falsely ugly ones. They have deliberately led multitudes away from conservatism by wrongly identifying it with mere nostalgia, with blind statism, and with automatic and bitter reaction.

It is not necessary to debate whether, at some times in our history, those who may have been deemed representative of conservatism could be charged with partiality to those attitudes. The men and women who are today most representative of the resurging conservative movement certainly cannot be saddled with such viewpoints. But the fact that liberals can make such charges stick, can persuade so many of our neighbors that we conservatives are unfeeling, unintellectual reactionaries, demands our own inspection of that area of conservatism which provides the liberals the grain of sand upon which they have erected the terrifying papier-mâché façade they call conservatism.

CONSERVATIVES *do* utilize the distilled wisdom of the past as a part of the data for determining present and future social policies and practices; and we hold it is disastrous not to do so. It has been a forever debatable question to what extent man can, at any particular period in time, determine truth and predict the future with accuracy. The methods for doing so, in testing social policies and procedures both for validity and effectiveness, are the subject of almost as much dissension as are social objectives. Conservatives believe these tests must include a critical appraisal of man's cumulative experience and wisdom rather than rest solely upon the ratiocinations of one generation, based only or largely upon cur-

rent corroborative proofs developed from quantitatively measurable phenomena.

The fact is that radical liberals and totalitarians largely do eschew the lessons of history in favor of novel grandiose schemes of purported reform and utopian beneficence—schemes conceived and based upon alleged scientific and sociological hypotheses, and logically planned for continued coercive direction of mankind's blueprinted welfare by an authoritarian élite. But the greater and more abrupt the chasm between man's existential values and judgments and those implicit in these meticulously charted schemes, the less desirable they are in the eyes of freedom-loving men. The combination of these facts does, upon occasion, give the liberals pause but not always one that is salutary. And it is significant, perhaps, that their greatest venom is directed to those conservatives who most steadfastly insist upon weighing such plans upon a scale that will accommodate, as a part of the counterbalance, the totality of mankind's experience and wisdom, whether or no every element thereof can be proven by man's currently accepted scientific formulas and demonstrated by his most up-to-date technology.

Conservatives do not always readily accept the panaceas of the radical liberals at the full value placed upon them by their creators. We believe there is knowledge and wisdom and truth that is not—not yet at least—demonstrable solely by quantitative measurement or embraced by coldly logical plans derived therefrom, without regard to the vagaries of human nature. For one thing, we believe human nature is a distinct reality, that it has its bad aspects as well as those that are good, and that as yet it is neither fully known nor fully manageable. We hold that mankind, whether it will ever arrive, has not yet arrived at a state of development of its capacities that warrants

disregard of the principles and traditions and lessons of mankind's past. Hence, although we do not eschew novelty or planning for men's welfare, we do insist upon examining proposals concerning social attitudes and governmental policies and procedures with one eye, at least, comparing the essence of these proposals to those that men have experimented with in the past.

We do not say this is the conclusive test; but we do say it has often, and may again, shed much needed light on the necessary or potential wisdom or folly implicit in such proposals, and on their feasibility or impracticability. We say that such an evaluation is necessary before we wax enthusiastic about how desirable they would be *if* they were to work. As often as not, we desire, as much as do the proponents of these plans, the result they predict will come about; but we hold it is the better part of wisdom and of the honor and safety of mankind that if there is moving evidence that the plan not only will not effect the desired beneficent end but may well lead to greater difficulties and dangers than those sought to be remedied, the proposed social action should not be pursued. And such moving evidence frequently can be, we hold, adduced, in part at least, from the plainly existential experience and most deeply rooted traditions of mankind—even though the pertinence and validity of each detail of that experience and those traditions may not be susceptible to demonstration by the most severe tests of rationality and quantitative measurement that mechanistically minded critic might insist upon. Or withstand, in the heat of such controversy, the scathing emotional contrary appeals of wishful thinking, bleeding-heart, addle-brained, self-appointed, dictatorial do-gooders.

BECAUSE OF THIS attitude we are labeled as blind, stubborn, heartless reactionaries;

and we must be most careful we do not merit the appellation. If *we* be only emotionally opposed to a proposal it is not difficult to find in history an apparent parallel that was disastrous upon which we may base an opposition that has a sound of reasonableness. Conservatives (being humans also) have been guilty of just such errors. The failure of conservatism to stem the worst of the last tide of revolutionary radical liberalism and totalitarianism is largely because conservatism lost its critical faculty and neglected its own self-discipline. Too many conservatives did become blind stand-patters; and when violent change was being imposed upon society, too many conservatives did become indiscriminate reactionaries.

The prime function of conservatism in an age such as ours, when there have been such vast and violent breaks with the past, is to be discriminatingly critical. The pattern of the past has been, for better or for worse, torn beyond restoration in all its detail. The conservative believes there is still much of beauty and social value in that pattern, much that must be salvaged if mankind is to have the opportunity to realize his aspirations and not become a mere desire-satisfying animal. The critical facility required to discern which elements of the pattern must be conserved cannot be developed without the application by conservatism of much intellectualism of the highest order. Thus, our critical conservatism should attract (and it must, for its full success, attract) the best adult minds of our age. And, for its growth, it must re-ignite in our younger people an enthusiasm for excellence of every kind. That necessary fire has been all but smothered by the foggy mediocrity that is implicit in the ideologies to which conservatism is opposed, those mechanistically oriented ideologies and egalitarian sociologies that have imposed their depres-

sant averages where our inspiring norms should be.

The hard core of the conservative's belief in the value of the sum of man's experience and wisdom is in this: Conservatives are convinced that time, economics, and human nature are not yet as elastic and rewarding to our manipulation as the radical liberals and totalitarians must mistakenly, and perhaps sincerely, believe. Either they must sincerely so believe, or else their fantastic disregard for the obvious limitations of these raw materials of social action and social welfare—a disregard implicit in so much of their social planning—must be taken as mere cynical jockeying for personal power, or for the delusions of feeble or unsound minds. It is one thing to look a thousand years ahead and predict what mankind *may* accomplish with the aid of the additional knowledge and skills he then will possess (unless he has destroyed himself, either physically or spiritually or both, in the process of their acquisition). It is another thing to determine, *today*, how best to utilize the limited knowledge and skills man possesses today, and how best to preserve and further the purpose of mankind, as man, and not merely as animal. There are periods in the growth of man, both individually and collectively, when his welfare requires critical appraisal of that which he has acquired, rather than continued greedy uncritical acquisition.

Conservatives believe that our era is such a time for close critical scrutiny of every proposition regarding social attitudes and action. We do not propose to force the aspirations of humanity backward and downward; indeed, our purpose is the opposite. To that end we do not propose that mankind shall be shoved into dangerous circumstances so difficult to cope with in the existing state of its knowledge, its abilities, and resources as to pose

a real threat to humanity's very existence; into circumstances that impose stresses and strains beyond man's limited capacity, because he is man, to endure; into those tending to destroy the finest achievements of mankind to satisfy mass clamors for those of a lower order, immediately and at whatever cost of all kinds. It is a combination of the best and the worst in man, his good will and his vanity, that deludes some of each generation into thinking they can speedily solve the problems and inequities that have forever existed, and that still defy immediate and complete solution. It is the unwelcome but necessary task of conservatism to search out, and at times to harp upon, the lessons of history, sometimes upon the sordid and horrible ones, in order to prevent disaster from attending much of such wishful thinking. Conservatism does not indict all radical liberals as knaves. But it is poor solace to the mortally wounded to know he has been done in by a foolish saint.

IN THESE FEW PAGES calling attention to the critical aspect of the doctrine of conservatism, it is possible to do little more than affirm the faith of conservatism in the totality of human experience as a necessary element in arriving at judgments respecting the probable efficacy of proposed social action. It is not possible to set forth the elaborate argument that some would require in order to be either convinced or persuaded. Neither is it possible to do more than identify a most important element implicit in this critical process—one which is not a necessary part of most of conservatism's opposing ideologies and which is expressly rejected by some of them. I refer to the amalgam of the religious principle and standards of morals and ethics.

Conservatism's process of criticism, based in part upon all aspects of history and the totality of man's awareness of himself and the world about him, neces-

sarily brings into play the religious, moral, and ethical principles with which much of mankind is imbued, no matter how loudly devotees of some ideologies may deny any valid bases for them. It seems to me that one can hardly be a conservative unless he believes that man is born, if not with aspirations, at least with a disposition thereto, and that disintegration of his humanity must occur and he may lose his identity as a human being if these aspirations, or tendencies thereto, are overlaid and smothered by social attitudes and actions that pander to his desires only. The conservative must, then, hold that this worst of all possible conditions is not compensated for by the highest possible materialistic standard of living that may be achieved by a technically proficient society wholly devoted to its scientifically material feats of mechanistic magic and their measurement.

Contrariwise, conservatism, being fully aware of the power of the frailties and human-ness of human nature, must always keep in mind that it is the exception, rather than the rule, for a cold and hungry man to be an excellent and a cooperative man. We do not, and we must not, overlook the part that man's standard of living necessarily plays in social action and reaction. We must make it apparent that we do properly value man's hunger for physical necessities and luxuries at the same time we affirm that his animal hunger cannot crowd out his need also for the necessities and luxuries of the spirit.

There are few confidence men who would be greatly successful were there not a bit of cupidity in all of us. Likewise the slanders upon conservatives could not have been so detrimental had there not been some factual basis for them. Those who are devoted to rebuilding conservatism into an effective ideology in our country believe, of course, that it provides the neces-

sary direction and procedures for the best social action and by far the best protection for the individuals of a society (and individualism, the freedom and joys that inhere in the rights of individuals and the responsibilities that ensue from individual autonomy, is a most important aspect of conservatism); but we realize conservatism has never had a more difficult and vital task to achieve than that which confronts it today. We believe the label of blind and unfeeling reactionary is not justifiably applicable to the critical conservative of today; but a large part of our job, at this stage, is to convince others that the epithets with which conservatives are labeled are false and misleading. This is a necessary preliminary to the great achievements that only then will be possible.

As a part of this preliminary job, we must develop within our own alliances a more acute and cohesive perception of the historical principles and traditions of mankind that are essential to his welfare now and in the future, and we must more surely formulate accurate criteria as to that knowledge which is valid despite lack of proof based upon quantitative measurement. Then, we must persuade the uncommitted that the tests for proper social action thereby revealed do have pertinency as to mankind's better future. But all our endeavors will be in vain unless we also persuade men generally that conservatism's prime reason for existence is the improvement of their human condition and that the concern of the conservative with the past, his desire to conserve certain elements of the past, is related solely to that consideration. In short, we conservatives know that our prime concern is for the welfare of all of mankind; but a large number of our fellows are skeptical, and we must remove much of that doubt before conservatism can be effective.

Thus a large part of conservatism's task

today is to regain the confidence of men, in general—a confidence we have largely lost, partly because conservatism did, for a time, cease to be sufficiently critical, and partly because our opposing ideologies have hugely capitalized upon our slightest error and blatantly proclaim themselves the sole possessors of all the social virtues. They propagandize us as unthinking, unfeeling relics of a past age that is best entirely forgotten if man is to achieve a better future. But without the

precepts of conservatism—precepts that link, in ways not solely mechanistic, all of mankind's past with all of its future—mankind cannot be men and women in the human sense we believe in. We must not permit conservatism and the preservation of humanity to be scuttled by a misconstruction of these principles or by their disregard or misdescription. We must keep conservatism alive and growing and, to do this, we must make it, and keep it, both persuasive and discerningly critical.

*When church and state are separate, the church
can provide the moral norms.*

The Election Sermon: Sample and Symbol

STEWART M. ROBINSON

ON MAY 2, 1638, the Reverend Thomas Shepard preached before the assembled magistrates of Massachusetts. It was the day for the annual organization of the provincial government under governor, assistants, and the deputies elected from the several towns. All officers of government, together with a company of the freemen, clergy, and laity, gathered together in a place of worship before government adjourned to the legislative hall, that the community might consecrate a time to a gala spectacle of faith and freedom met under God to celebrate the blessings of government and ponder its meaning. The practice, which began in 1634 (though Shepard's sermon is the earliest extant), became generally common in New England and survived beyond the middle of the nineteenth century. It was a peculiar and

characteristic contribution to public life as envisioned by the earliest settlers on the New England coast.

Thomas Shepard himself deserves a word. He, with John Harvard, was among the approximately one hundred Cambridge men who emigrated to New England in the first ten or a dozen years after its settlement. He was founder and first pastor of the Church at Newtowne, officially renamed Cambridge on the very day of this sermon by the General Court which attended the preaching. He was an active founder of Harvard. It is said that the site was chosen partly on account of the presence there of Shepard. Cotton Mather in the *Magnalia* calls Shepard the "Pastor Evangelicus." Jonathan Edwards in his *Treatise on the Religious Affections* finds more than half his quotations in the works

of Shepard. "This liberty [wrote Shepard] hath been taken to be and thankfully received of God." We have an association with Shepard, unknown to his contemporaries. His descendant in the sixth generation was John Adams, an architect of our national independence, ambassador abroad, and President of the United States.

The Election Sermon enshrines a basic concept of Christianity. It was a feature of the thought of the Reformers, namely that the Word of God has a normative authority for both faith and practice, thought and conduct. The Reformers emphasized this in the centrality which they gave to the pulpit, ideally and architecturally; in the eminence which they assigned it both spiritually and in the height which it occupied above the pews. It all spoke the importance of the ministry of the Word as well as of the Sacraments.

It is well to recall that this emphasis was not forgotten by the Church of Rome. The Council of Trent which rebutted some of the grand particularities of faith as expressed by the Reformers, also curbed the vicious practice of pluralities, absenteeism among bishops from their sees, and the general lapse that custom had brought about in the ministry of the Church. And as recently as 1920 the Encyclical "Spiritus Paraclitus" of Pope Benedict XV has these words: "Our one desire for all the Church's children is that, being saturated with the Bible, they may arrive at the all-surpassing knowledge of Jesus Christ." Earlier in the message are the words: "None can fail to see what profit and sweet tranquility must result in well-disposed souls from such devout reading of the Bible. Whoever come to it in piety, faith and humility and with a determination to make progress in it, will assuredly find therein and will eat the 'bread that comes down from heaven' (John 6:50)." The Reformation marches on.

In 1695 the Reverend Increase Mather wrote: "Had the sees of England, fourscore years ago, been filled with such Arch-Bishops, and Bishops, as those which King William (whom God grant long to live and to reign) has preferred to Episcopal dignity, there had never been a New-England." Had Pope Julius II been moved to write as did Benedict XV Possibly Mather was over-sanguine.

It is a happy circumstance that Thomas Shepard chose for the text of his Election Day Sermon these words of Holy Writ: "Then said all the trees unto the bramble, Come thou and reign over us" (Judges 9:14). It embodies the essence of the continual threat to bodies politic to miss the olive, the fig, and the vine and get the scratches and hot fire of the bramble. Shepard had a case in point that spring day in 1638. The preceding August had seen the departure of a young man who had been hastily elected governor for one year. As the Reverend William Hubbard of Ipswich, Harvard Class of 1642, testified: It brought many clouds and threatening storms for both ecclesiastical and civil order. The freemen took great offense at Henry Vane's management and after his departure made an order that no man who had not resided in the colony for a year was to be eligible for the office of governor.

Henry Vane Senior was a Privy Councillor of King Charles I and entertained a very dim view of New England. Young Harry, back from France, and converted to a deeper view of life, had cut off his curls and wanted to go out to New England. King Charles encouraged him, in fact ordered his father to give his consent. Young Vane's enthusiastic espousal of the radical mood in Massachusetts failed to win enough friends or influence the right people, so Vane returned to England where he took a leading-role in the great affairs of the next twenty five years. He died by the axe

on Tower Hill in 1662 after Charles II was safely on the throne of his father.

ONE PRICELESS SENTENCE which shines out from this old sermon ought to be remembered. It is a distillation of sound words which becomes timeless and of constant usefulness. Shepard said, "*When laws rule, men do not.*" That is the gist of safe government in 1638 or 1959. Edward Hyde, Lord Clarendon, stood shoulder to shoulder with Hampden and Pym in the Parliament until Parliament enacted its own permanent perpetuation. Most of the details of government as constructed by the delegates first to the Continental Congress, and later to the Constitutional Convention, reflect the events which transpired in England between 1640 and 1660. Reading Clarendon's *History of the Rebellion*, one can check with a pencil on the margin, point by point, the devices incorporated in our fundamental documents from exigencies of misrule which occurred across the ocean more than a century before.

"When laws rule, men do not." The great defense against encroachment on life, liberty, and property has been the written law. To be sure there are "strict constructionists" and "loose constructionists," but both are dedicated to an interpretation of the written word, and are not simply political or economic philosophers turned adrift on a sea of speculation.

Undoubtedly philosophy does influence legal opinion, and the history of the courts is, in a real sense, the history of the pressures of the electorate, but the principle of checks and balances offers a mechanism of reflection which forbids the effects of a mood to affect the lives of millions before time has been allowed for suitable formulation, enactment, and judicial review. Even constitutional amendment is possible, and was so provided at the beginning, but by a particular procedure which of itself slows

the change, and alerts the whole people to the particular matter which is in agitation. "When laws rule, men do not."

Bodies ecclesiastic as well as bodies politic do well to remember this: "When laws rule, men do not." The whole goal of Christians, some who were reformers long before the Reformation, some who did not actually come over into the Reformed Church but remained in the Unreformed Church and helped influence the Council of Trent in certain steps of reformation, and some who were out-and-out reformers, separated or thrust out of the Old Church—all had as an end of their endeavors the desire to bring the Church to a closer parallel with the Scriptures in matters spiritual and formal. It was and is a constitutional movement. Moreover the number of these people is far higher than is realized. They are present in every communion of Christians. The first effort of a new group is to explain its foundation on the Bible even as in Rome the dome of St. Peter's is decorated by the words of Scripture.

Now all communions too often succumb to the temptation to give up the olive, the fig, and the vine for the thorny bramble. One can think of so many instances. There were the violent quarrels in the Old Church, involving one who bore the name of the present Pope, John XXIII. There have been reckless adventures like the effort to force Presbyterianism on England, and compel Charles II to sign the Solemn League and Covenant. New England caused one man to muse sadly on his leaving "my lords the bishops for my lords the brethren." No group, not even a group of Christians seems to be entirely safe from excess, given absolute power to act.

Most of the damage could be avoided if these groups were content with less glory of conquest. The best alternative to many a bad move would be just no move at all.

One of the bitterest (and bloody too) controversies in seventeenth-century Britain concerned "things indifferent in themselves"—certain postures of the body, garments on the ministering clergyman, and set forms of worship. One side refused *in toto* (inconsistent with the conviction that the matter was indifferent) and the other side insisted *à outrance* (also inconsistent with the stipulation that the matters were indifferent). If one party had remembered the dispensation given to Naaman's servant, to bow betimes in the House of Rimmon, and the other side had closed the charitable eye on some omissions hard to accept by a weak conscience, lives would have been saved, families made happy, and Christians would have been seen living together in concord, as both sides prayed that Christians should.

The Election Sermons were samples of Scriptural applications to current social,

political, and economic needs. Lord Acton said of Constantine that he seized upon Christianity and tried "to make the Church serve as a gilded crutch for absolutism." Modern ecclesiastical bodies often unwisely yearn to do the same thing. Churchmen as well as politicians want to achieve a kind of absolutism which is most destructive to both faith and practice. The Election Sermons were a vastly wiser method. There was no pressure behind them beyond the wisdom of the utterance coupled with the dignity of the speaker. The magistrates walked out of the place of worship to their public duties, just as worshippers leave the sanctuary week by week to enter upon their vocations. They have their consciences stirred, their minds informed, and then take up the duties involved in their calling.

That is the way to keep the church out of politics and politics out of the church.

Wind

This clean October wind
has harried all my day with its agnosticism,
snatching up my year-won *per se notum*
truths
and flinging them high over the world's
worn edge
with an existential, ultimate claw.

There is no syllogism for this wind:
wild, wild, it knows no form.
Hamper it if you can with but and there-
fore,
then out into it
and set your face against its stinging hand
let your heart billow in the sensate blast
and see how it laughs your major to sense-
less syllables
and lashes you bent with its *solvitur*
ambulando.

No form, no matter,
nor mind-informed reality this wind
that blows the long grass and bends the
stolid mind
refuting all with its quintessential *est*.

JOHN L'HEUREUX

It is not too late to recapture the innumerable benefits provided by a fixed monetary standard.

The Gold Standard and Its Significance

WALTER E. SPAHR

An instrumentality of human freedom

OF ALL INSTITUTIONS, the gold standard apparently occupies a paramount position as an instrumentality of human freedom, private property, private enterprise, and responsible government.

The nature of the gold standard should reveal something as to why it is a necessary and natural companion of human freedom. By definition, a gold standard involves a fixed standard monetary unit composed of gold of specified weight and fineness; free coinage of standard gold; free exchange of standard gold bullion and standard gold coin; redeemability or convertibility of non-gold currency (money and bank deposits) into standard gold coin at the parity rate; freedom of movement of gold coin and bullion into and out of the country.

After specifying the standard gold unit and providing for the free coinage of the various denominations of coin designed to serve the convenience of the people, the government is forced to stand aside and let the gold standard perform its functions in accordance with the desires of the people. The right of private property in gold is established and respected. The government cannot interfere with hoarding, importing, or exporting of gold, or with redemption of non-gold currency into standard gold coin or bullion. An individual may put none, little, much, or all of his property into gold. He may convert his non-gold property into gold and ship it out of the country without hindrance by his government. He may mine gold and export it to any country of his choice.

If a person, living under the degree of

freedom inherent in a gold standard, is disturbed by, or disapproves of the policies or practices of his government or banks, he may preserve his property by presenting non-gold currency for redemption. If many people demand redemption, the banks and government are forced to respect the fears or disapproval of those who are demanding redemption. The government is thus placed in a position in which it must be careful not to disturb unduly, or incur the disapproval of many people with property to protect.

Thus do a people with a gold standard and right of redemption or conversion at their disposal have the power to keep a checkrein on the fiscal policies and practices of their central government. Thus do they obtain and maintain responsible government. The people may utilize that power wisely or unwisely; but it is a power they must have if they are to be able to protect themselves from improper government encroachment or tyranny.

In international relations, all individuals, to the extent of their wealth, are free under a gold standard to utilize gold as they desire. If their non-gold dollars are not acceptable abroad, they can send the equivalent in gold. Since gold is the most universally acceptable money known to mankind, the individual is given the widest possible freedom in utilizing his wealth. Insofar as the nature of the money involved is a consideration, the individual is free to exchange his wealth and services wherever they may be desired and if the traders think their exchanges are mutually advantageous.

This freedom and these practices were illustrated by England's use of the gold standard from 1816 (or 1821) to 1914. Her people traded, invested, and traveled so widely that it was often stated that "the sun never sets on British possessions." The British pound became the dominant

international currency, and London the principal international banking center, of the world. Respect for, and protection of, private property and the enlargement of human freedom in trade, travel, and investment reached heights never attained before or since.

The benefits of the gold standard should have been greater, had they not been limited by the oppression of helpless people under colonialism and slavery, which kept them from participating directly in the type and degree of freedom which tends to exist when people enjoy the rights inherent in a gold standard.

An irredeemable currency as an instrumentality of an opposite nature

WHEN A GOVERNMENT inflicts an irredeemable currency on a people, the great rights and freedoms inherent in a gold standard disappear. The government becomes their dictator free from effective control; it curbs their rights and freedoms as it desires. Constitutional government, such as that designed for the United States, is subverted in an endless number of ways and made to conform to the desires of the government to restrict human freedom.

The ability of people to put pressure on the banks and government, to the extent of their purchasing power, by demanding redemption of non-gold currency, is destroyed. With the destruction of that individual right, the power of the purse passes from ultimate control by the people to unrestrainable control by the government.

Such an arrangement gives the government the power to engage in, and invites, any spending orgy in which the government may choose to indulge. The spending spree of our national government since 1933 provides an illustration of how this power can be exercised.

This uncontrollable government power over the public purse, combined with the

loss by the people of the freedom and rights inherent in a gold standard, enables the central government to socialize a nation, to undermine or destroy a federal system of government, such as that designed for these United States, and to impair to any degree the purchasing power of the currency which people use.

The banks are enabled to conduct their business in terms of irredeemable currency and consequently are free from the pressures of control which individuals could exercise if the non-gold currency were redeemable in gold.

The quality of integrity in the currency the people must use is destroyed. Lacking that virtue, the monetary bloodstream contaminates the economic, political, and social system of the nation and fosters widespread corruption.

In international relations, governments which employ irredeemable currency step in to regulate or control foreign trade, exchange rates, investment, travel, the amount of currency that may be taken out of a country, freedom of exchange of their currency with others, and uses of gold. The freedom of private property in international exchange is curbed as such governments desire; the equalizing and self-correcting influences, characteristic of the gold standard, are impaired or destroyed; and international trade and other exchanges reach various degrees of chaos.

The so-called "dollar gap," widely discussed a few years ago, was a product of government interference as a part of the use of irredeemable currency, as are our unfavorable balance of payments and loss of gold since February, 1958.

Under a gold standard, with banks and individuals free to exercise their appropriate pressures, such distortions as the so-called "dollar gap," prolonged unfavorable balances of payments, and heavy and persistent losses of gold tend to correct

themselves with promptness. But with government interferences—"controls"—under irredeemable currencies, economic distortions in international relations can long persist and be destructive. Such controls tend to have those characteristics because government officials cannot possibly provide a wisdom equal to that of millions of people free to trade, travel, and invest in the interests of personal gain and pleasure.

As problems in international trade and other relations mount under government interference as a consequence of using irredeemable currency, governments find excuses for more or different controls. A huge bureaucracy is developed to manage these international problems; and apparently there is no foreseeable end to these procedures until a nation gains the benefits of a gold standard which requires the central government to retire to its appropriate position of umpire and to relinquish its role as dominant participant and dictator to the practices of free men in international exchange.

Irredeemable currency a tool of socialist and totalitarian governments

ALL SOCIALIST, communist, and totalitarian governments utilize irredeemable currencies. This is because such a currency gives those governments the power they need and desire if they are to control a people and to deprive them of the freedom inherent in private property and private enterprise.

Our national government uses an irredeemable currency because it has demonstrated that it wants the powers which it gains from the employment of such a currency. Having experienced these powers, our national government has taken, and is taking, long steps into socialism and a governmentally managed economy. Moreover, those in charge of our national government reveal that they wish to retain

the power acquired through the use of irredeemable currency and to continue the march toward more and more socialism and governmentally managed economy. Frequent official words to the contrary are apparently designed to be reassuring or to allay fears; but they have no important effect in arresting the course being pursued.

A national drug as an instrument of government control

A GOVERNMENT takes unrestrainable control of a people by the use either of military force or irredeemable currency, or some combination of the two. The former is readily understood; the latter is a subtle national drug that is not generally understood and is readily embraced by its victims. It is, consequently, a favorite device of modern governments, which desire to bring a people under thoroughgoing control, because it enables the government to succeed and at the same time to have the general, and even vigorous, approval of the great mass of people.

The fact that the people in practically every nation in the world during and since the two world wars have lost many of their important freedoms by being subjected to the use of irredeemable currency is probably the most fundamental explanation of the state of affairs during recent years and at present.

The world has literally been drugged with irredeemable currency, particularly since the early 1930's, with government management and dictatorship as consequences. Although some European nations are apparently attempting to raise themselves out of the depths of badly depreciated currencies and governmentally managed economies into which they were plunged by earlier governments, the United States seems to be on the course leading

toward the depths which various other nations have already experienced.

Under a thorough intoxication induced by the drug of irredeemable currency, there are strong agitations in this country for more and more national spending, more and more government controls, easier money, abolition of reserve requirements for our Federal Reserve banks, and another devaluation of our dollar. The fact that these are common reactions of the great majority of people who have been subjected to the use and effects of irredeemable currency provides no clue as to whether this nation is to be saved from the serious disaster into which our present course can lead us.

Any monetary economist of reliability and experience should be able to recognize these symptoms for what they are. Although they are old and oft-repeated occurrences in the history of irredeemable currencies, one need not go back of the experience of this generation to note their appearance over and over again.

Most unfortunately, the great majority of people, including our government officials, who manifest these common reactions, are not getting the proper type of help from the economists generally utilized. Since 1933, many, apparently most, of our economists have been working aggressively for a governmentally managed economy or riding quietly with the tide that is moving in that direction.

A people subjected to the national drug of irredeemable currency demonstrate that they are unable to comprehend the meaning of the common symptoms. Furthermore, they tend to copy the practices of other users of irredeemable currency. For example, if another nation devalues its currency, it is promptly contended that we should devalue too in order to enjoy the same supposed benefits. If other nations cannot maintain a specified minimum

amount of gold reserves in their central banks or Treasuries, the argument appears that we should not maintain such reserves. If other nations with irredeemable currencies put their central banks under the direct control of the government for purposes of currency manipulation, there are those who contend that we should do likewise.

The common contention is that more and more power should be given to the political managers of our monetary and fiscal affairs. The picture is much like that of lemmings rushing to their destruction.

To save the United States

IT IS USELESS to expect a mass movement in behalf of a sound currency—a gold standard with non-gold currency redeemable or convertible into standard gold. The daily experiences of the mass of people are such as to confirm in their minds the virtues of irredeemable currency. They do not regard it as a dangerous or undermining drug. The fact that its purchasing power in this country has declined 58 per cent since 1939, as measured by our index of wholesale prices, does not disturb them to any great extent—their chief response is to try to get more and more of such currency. The bloating and distortions of business indexes are readily accepted as evidence of economic health. Heavy taxes and mountainous debt are not regarded with much seriousness. A frequent or common agitation is for more and more national spending.

If the United States is to be saved from the ultimate consequences of using irredeemable currency, the needed action should be expected to come from top national officials. Such reform calls for statesmanship—for informed and tough monetary surgeons. This means that the President and Secretary of the Treasury need to be statesmen of this type, men who can and will persuade Congress to institute a

redeemable currency at the statutory rate.

Once that step is taken, the people of this nation should experience a breath of fresh air and be on the course leading to better days—to a better and more constitutional type of government, to greater freedom in private property and trade, and to more responsibility by the national government and Reserve banks in monetary and fiscal affairs. Optimism should become widespread because the money of this nation would once more have the quality of integrity. The problems of credit control should be easier to solve. Business enterprise should expand, domestically and internationally, and on a sounder basis. Gold should flow in from abroad, and much of the huge amount, outside our gold stock, now earmarked for foreign account (\$9,979,000,000 as of April 30, 1960), should be released for use in the United States. The demands by savers, foreign and domestic, for U.S. government securities should increase greatly, thus enabling the Treasury to sell them, and to fund its debt, at more favorable rates of interest than tend to prevail when irredeemable currency is used. Our foreign trade balance should adjust itself more readily. The control of the public purse would be returned to the people *as individuals*, where such control needs to be if human freedom is to be preserved and responsible government is to be obtained. An impregnable barricade to thorough socialization of this nation, or to a government dictatorship in the United States, would have been erected. There would be good grounds for assurance that our federal system of government and republic will be preserved—at least as long as the gold standard is maintained.

The significance of a gold standard is that it constitutes evidence of integrity in monetary affairs, is the necessary and natural companion of human freedom, and is an insurer of responsible government.

Gandhi and Indian Nationalism:

Two Rejoinders

*Are India's present troubles the fault of Gandhi,
or are they due to the failure of men to live up to
his principles?*

PYARELAL and RAMASHRAY ROY

IT IS NOT POSSIBLE in this short article to deal with all the controversial points and inaccuracies in Minoo Adenwalla's dissertation "Gandhi and Indian Nationalism—a Reappraisal" [MODERN AGE, WINTER, 1959-1960]. His main thesis is that the liberal spirit underlying the British rule in India would have in the natural course resulted in India's independence; and but for the civil-disobedience movement the communal blood-bath preceding and following independence, as also most if not all of the present ills that are afflicting India, would have been avoided.

His contention that the three instalments of reforms before the Government of India Act of 1935 were a free, spontaneous gift of British liberalism, ignores a whole chapter of the rise and growth of Indian nationalism, Swadeshi, the fight for the annulment of the partition of Bengal, and the countless sacrifices of a generation of Indian patriots. Lord Morley said in the House of Lords referring to Minto-Morley reforms: "If this chapter of reforms led . . . necessarily up to the establishment of a Parliamentary system in India, I . . . would have nothing . . . to do with it." In 1942 Mr. Churchill declared that he had

not become the King's First Minister to preside over the liquidation of the British Empire.

The "equality" under the "unique system of law evolved by the British" over which Mr. Adenwalla waxes eloquent was largely fictitious. He seems to have forgotten the entire Ilbert Bill episode. Nor does he seem to be aware that far from undermining the "legal basis" of untouchability, the British law and British courts were actually used under the British rule to enforce the practice of untouchability in the name of customary law.

As for the universities, whatever the motives of the protagonists of the British system of education, its effect, in the words of Will Durant, was "to denationalize," "de-Indianize," and turn into "imitation Englishmen" those who came under its influence. That it failed to fulfil its progenitors' other expectation—namely, that if their plans of education were followed up there would not be "a single idolator among the respectable classes in Bengal thirty years hence"¹—was no fault of the system.

The railways the British built subserved not the interests of India, but those of the

British army and the British trade. "The losses are [were] borne by the people, the gains are [were] gathered by the traders."² Indian indigenous industries were strangled by the "the arm of political injustice." Indian was bled white.

In desperation the people revolted. The revolt was put down with "midieval ferocity."³ Constitutionalism without the backing of an effective sanction cut no ice. Words of promise uttered to the ear were broken to the heart.⁴ Verbal protests availed nothing.

The terrorist interlude followed. The result was utter demoralization of the people. Secrecy and subterfuge became the stock-in-trade of the patriot-politician.

The spectacle of a nation of four hundred millions who dared not speak what they felt, act as they thought right—whose cowardly existence had become a living lie and a denial of God under the incubus of foreign rule—drove the iron into the Mahatma's soul. He proclaimed that to be free a nation of 40 crores had only to speak out its mind civilly but firmly, and refuse openly to be a party to its own subjection. He not only elaborated the theory but also devised techniques by which the power of non-violence could be employed by the common man for the redress of wrongs whether individual or social.

For training in Satyagraha, especially of the leaders, he elaborated his eighteen-fold program of constructive non-violence. Whenever violence erupted he suspended civil disobedience and concentrated on constructive work as preparation for Satyagraha. This did not mean withdrawal from politics but pursuit of politics by another way. Civil disobedience and constructive work were the obverse and the reverse of the same coin.

The lapses from non-violence were due not to the training which the people received during non-cooperation, but to in-

sufficient training; sometimes wrong training with which the Mahatma or the non-cooperation movement had nothing to do. The occasional aberrations notwithstanding, the vast bulk of the people remained by far and large non-violent throughout the Indian freedom struggle.

Satyagraha meant a life of sacrifice and self-suffering. Many who were not prepared for such life left the Congress. Among them were Jinnah and the liberals. It was not the religious differences, essentially it was the struggle for power that led to partition. To what extent it was Jinnah's personality that rallied the Muslims around him, and to what extent it was the British policy of boosting the Muslim League in pursuance of its tactics of "divide and rule," must be left for history to judge.

But for Civil disobedience there would not have been the phenomenal mass awakening. Civil disobedience, however, was not responsible directly or indirectly for the blood-bath preceding and following independence. Not a small portion of the blame for it must rest with the British government, who in the final phase, neither itself governed nor let India govern, but allowed the passions to build up under the shadow of its power. When the pent-up fury burst all bounds the British themselves were appalled. But the awakening came too late.

Our present-day troubles are by no means peculiar to us. Unadulterated Satyagraha is the sovereign cure for them also.

True, we had not developed the non-violence of the brave in the course of our freedom struggle. If we had, it would not have failed us in our internal troubles. The point, however, is that if the non-violence of the weak or passive resistance could achieve such marvellous results, how much more may one expect from non-violence of the brave. The truth is that in the face of the threat of nuclear warfare, the only remedy against injustice that is left us is

non-violent resistance, be it at the level of the individual, the group, or the nation. Gandhi has shown the way. It is for us to build and improve upon the techniques he gave us.

PYARELAL

¹Macaulay in 1836.

²Will Durant, *The Case for India*, p. 37.

³Kohn quoted by Will Durant, p. 15.

⁴Lord Lytton's Confidential Minute of 1878.

MINOO ADENWALLA's article, "Gandhi and Indian Nationalism Reappraised," raises many issues, about both facts and their interpretation. But since space does not permit me to deal with all the issues, I will limit myself to three basic issues.

In the first place, his thesis that the present dangers to democracy in India are exclusively the result of Gandhi's political leadership and of the weapon that he forged to fight the British rule is not only not supported by facts but also presents an example of misinterpretation of those facts. He assumes that the Indian people under the British rule were enjoying every imaginable bliss, and the happy state of matrimony between the Indian people and the British rule would have gradually but inexorably brought political, social, and intellectual emancipation to the people of India but for Gandhi who enticed them away from wisdom and their benevolent masters to rebellion and its natural consequences.

But Adenwalla conveniently forgets, or rather ignores, many of the currents and cross-currents of Indian history. Long before the advent of Gandhi on the political scene of India, the course of political struggle had degenerated into an unhappy bipolarity. At the one end this bipolarity was marked by the liberals who, out of their moral timidity and political sanctimoniousness, feared and loathed the insurgence of the "ignorant," "tradition-bound" Indian mass and consequently fol-

lowed the secure and safe path of prayers, implorings, and mild protests. At the other end it was characterized by the extremists and the terrorists who were preaching intolerance and practicing extreme measures such as boycotts and breaking of rules, and particularly by the terrorists who were robbing banks and committing political murders. Sooner or later the masses, irrespective of the quality of political leadership, were bound to be brought into the vortex of struggle, and this would have led not to constitutional agitation but to the only alternative of armed revolt. Thus, dangers to "orderly society" and "constitutional agitation" were present in India before the advent of Gandhi on Indian political scene. It was the genius of Gandhi to steer clear of both the courses and to weld the Indian people into the bonds of national pride which was so conspicuous by its absence a short while ago. But acceptance of this fact on the part of Adenwalla will totally destroy his basis of indicting Gandhi's political leadership.

The next strand in Adenwalla's thesis is his explicit belief in the goodness of the British masters and their readiness to abdicate their empire in India when full democracy and responsible government had been established there, and, as a corollary, that Gandhi's leadership was a definite interference in the evolutionary process of India's political growth. This view utterly fails to grasp the injustice of the British rule and its repressive nature in India. Gandhi himself was a most loyal and cooperative citizen, as is evident by his remark, "I discovered that the British Empire had certain ideals with which I have fallen in love, and one of those ideals is that every subject of the British Empire has the freest scope possible for his energies, and honour, and whatever he thinks is due to his conscience. . . . That government is the best

which governs least, and I have found that it is possible for me to be governed least under the British Empire." (Quoted in Bishan Saroop Sharma, *Gandhi as a Political Thinker*, pp. 11-12.) But he was soon to be disillusioned by the Jalianwalla Bagh massacre, the Rowlatt Act, and the turning back of the British rulers on their promise to give dominion status to India as a result of her participation in the First World War. How far and how much one can depend upon the fair play and the sense of justice of the British rulers is well evidenced by the American War of Independence.

It was the futility of constitutional methods, on the one hand, and the fear that the country might be plunged into violence on the other, that convinced Gandhi to "find out a method of direct action suited to a disarmed people to meet a revolutionary situation." The British rulers, for him, turned out to be "the Satan with whom no co-operation was possible." In other words, Gandhi faced a situation which, if left alone and left to evolutionary process of history, might have thrown the country into the lap of terrorists, and it had to be the terrorists because moderates and liberals were fast losing their grip on the situation. The leadership of Gandhi averted a tragic course of Indian history which the evolutionary process—very dear to Adenwalla—was bound to lead to. Thus, Adenwalla's assumption deliberately ignores the dynamism and complexity of Indian history and hence lacks in depth and perspective.

In the third place, Adenwalla's attachment to constitutional agitation as an instrument of change precludes him from viewing "other means" with an objectivity. History records innumerable instances where constitutional agitation has proved worthless and consequently led to the convulsions of history (but such convulsions

stop the heart-beat of people like Adenwalla). Between these two extremes, mankind has been wavering in search of an instrument which would be effective, direct, and persuasive but at the same time peaceful, ennobling, and pure. It is the greatest contribution of Gandhi, not only to the political struggle of India but also to the political thought of the world, that he forged such a weapon. But this weapon is fearful to Adenwalla because it signalled the awakening of Indian masses, its rising voice against the tyranny of the government, and, above all, its constant watchfulness against usurpation of its rights. Gandhi's weapon not only emancipated India (which Adenwalla so insistently denies) but provides even now a weapon in the hands of Indian people to safeguard their interests. As Wendell Phillips has said, Republics exist only on the tenure of being constantly agitated. . . . Every government is always growing corrupt. . . . A republic is nothing but a constant overflow of lava. . . . The republic which sinks to sleep, trusting to constitutions and machinery, to politicians and statesmen, for the safety of its liberties, never will have any." (Quoted in Richard Hofstadter, *The American Political Tradition*, pp. 138-139.) To decry the right of the people to resist and wield an effective but non-violent weapon is to decry conflict which is no less vital and essential for the preservation of democracy than "order" and "evolutionary process." Conflict is co-existent with society, what remains for us to do is to channelize this conflict in a way which will be conducive to democratic values, and for this no weapon is better than Gandhi's.

To sum up, Adenwalla not only misrepresents Indian history but also misinterprets it, and his reasoning and conclusions are tarnished by his personal beliefs.

RAMASHRAY ROY

Conservatism and the Social Bond

STANLEY PARRY

The problem of freedom in community.

Up from Liberalism, by William F. Buckley, Jr. *New York: McDowell, Oblensky, 1959.*

IN HIS MOST RECENT book, William Buckley addresses himself to the heart of the conservative need to achieve a conscious, ordered, and positive formulation of itself. He offers his readers both a policy for action and a theoretical justification of that policy. Yet it may be doubted whether the true value of his thought can be gotten from either of these factors. Rather it is with regard to the broader problem of the very nature of the struggle for theoretical clarity that the book has real significance.

For the tensions evident in Buckley's thought on this point are precisely those present in the floating mass of conservative thought itself in this crucial period of its existence.

The timeliness of the book, therefore, must be judged in relation to the struggle for theoretical coherence; and its true worth rests in the contribution it makes to the clarification of that struggle. This is a good therefore that should be neither praised indiscriminately nor condemned out of hand; it should be discussed thoroughly—and that on the basis perhaps of problems other than the ones the author directly addresses.

The program of action offered in *Up from Liberalism* is summarized as follows: "It is to maintain and wherever possible enhance the freedom of the individual to

acquire property and dispose of that property in ways he decides on" (p. 202). The theoretical justification for this program lies in a strategic identification of a fundamental interdependence between economic freedom in particular and human freedom in general. The end-means relation in this approach should be kept clear. The end is human freedom conceived of as the maximum of self-direction. Property is stressed as the necessary means to this freedom because Buckley believes that the Liberal preference for economic planning constitutes the major threat to freedom in our time. In opposition to this threat, consequently, he can close his book with the moving declaration:

I will not willingly cede more power to anyone, not to the state, not to General Motors, not to the CIO. I will hoard my power like a miser, resisting every effort to drain it away from me. I will then use my power as I see fit. I mean to live my life an obedient man, but obedient to God, subservient to the wisdom of my ancestors; never to the authority of political truths arrived at yesterday at the voting booth. That is a program of sorts, is it not?

Now to this last question all conservatives would answer that it is a program indeed; and from the aspect of short-term tactics, it is a good and a necessary one. But many conservatives would doubt whether from the aspect of long-run solutions it will prove an adequate one to meet modern problems of order.

THERE ARE SOME grave limitations to a straight private-property approach to the problem of freedom. First of all there are some doubts as to the nature of property in the modern economy. Today most usable wealth derives from wages, interest, or dividends—that is, from forms of property which are not private precisely because

they represent points of interdependence among men, rather than points of independence. On any basis of prudent provision for justice, where men are interdependent, decisions, when necessary, should be arrived at mutually, not unilaterally. Only when property really identifies the private area of life can it be used to delimit public authority. When it becomes part of the interdependency of men, then it is inevitable that the competition for wealth will enter into the political arena, and men will attempt to increase their share of the whole by authoritative allocation rather than by economic efficiency. When this happens we will inevitably have the rule either of labor, or of management, or, the ultimate solution, the rule in the name of peace of those (Liberals) who think they know what is economically best for man.

Moreover, the question of fact concerning the condition of property is not the most pressing one. More important still is a theoretical difficulty. While an effective system of private property solves the problem of the self-regarding life of man, still it offers no positive solution to the problems of his public or social life. Property of itself neither imports nor guarantees the reasonable pursuit and the just use of wealth. Consequently it can guarantee the freedom of men only in a society where it is held by men who are already free from greed and live by the principles of temperance, wisdom, and compassion. Without these inner checks property can indeed become robbery in the sense that Rousseau and Seneca meant.

For these reasons, the intuition concerning private property and freedom on which Buckley relies so exclusively can never be more than one part of the conservative solution to the problem of the good life. As a short-term consideration it serves well to define the area of defensive action against the collectivist state. On the long-term

view, it serves well the cause of peace by withdrawing divisive private interests from the realm of common decisions. More than this it cannot do.

Yet our society needs more than this. It needs to regain the integrity of its social order in history. Liberal collectivism with its brutal imposition of order through the power of the state has failed to preserve order of any human type; it has, on the contrary, eroded the already tenuous bonds of fraternity that survived the individualism of an earlier century. The challenge to conservative thought is precisely to bring its intuitions concerning the community of life as well as those concerning the individuality of life to bear upon this problem of freedom in the modern world.

The great problem for man is how to live together, for he cannot live apart. His basic need, and therefore his first right, is to live in an ordered society. Consequently the true test of any social-political theory is to be found in its position on the common and social life of man. Fortunately, one of the strong elements of the conservative tradition has been its regard and even its reverence for the social bond. Burke has permanently summarized the attitude:

Society is indeed a contract . . . but the state ought not to be considered as nothing better than a partnership agreement in a trade of pepper and coffee, calico or tobacco, or some other such low concern, to be taken up for a little temporary interest, and to be dissolved by the fancy of the parties. It is to be looked on with other reverence; . . . It is a partnership in all science; a partnership in all art; a partnership in every virtue, and in all perfection. As the ends of such a partnership cannot be obtained in many generations, it becomes a partnership not only between those who are living, but between those who are living, those who are dead, and those who are to be born. Each contract of each par-

ticular state is but a clause in the great primeval contract of eternal society, linking the lower with the higher natures, connecting the visible and invisible world, according to a fixed compact sanctioned by the inviolable oath which holds all physical and all moral natures, each in their appointed place.

The challenge for conservatives is to make this intuition relevant to our own society. This is no easy task: it requires a great deal of thought. Burke could assert the principle to protect his own English society from the ideological depredations that were destroying the French society. We must apply the principle in a society where Liberal ideology has brought us to the point where the partnership is tattered, the dead past disrespected, the unborn future feared, and the eternal society disregarded.

Because *Up from Liberalism* illuminates the problems involved in a response to this challenge, it cannot be disposed of simply by doubting the express solutions to which it has come. Beyond this consideration, the book has a valuable contribution to make to the as yet unsolved problem of making the total conservative intuition theoretically and practically relevant to the modern world.

THE ELABORATION of any deep social theory involves two phases of thought: a critical attack on the ideology dominant at the time, and then a positive elaboration of an alternative insight. Between these two phases there must be continuity: the basis of criticism must become the basis for constructive theory. Buckley is aware of these two phases of thought: "We must bring down a thing called Liberalism . . . and salvage a thing called conservatism" (p. xvi). Consequently we find two major sections in his argument: I, "The Failure of Contemporary American Liberalism," and II, "The Conservative Alternative."

The crucial point in Buckley's argument comes at the point of transition from the critical to the constructive phases of thought; for at the close of his critical examination of Liberalism there occurs a complex diffusion of ideas that suppresses the deeper implications of his criticism, with the result that his consequent constructive proposals are restricted to private property. An examination of the tensions this restriction generates in Buckley's thought throws invaluable light on the general problem of theoretization conservatives must face if conservative thought is to be made relevant to American society.

In the critical phase of his thought, Buckley begins with an examination of the "characteristic idiosyncrasies of the Liberal mind at work" (p. 5). These can be summarized on the first level of analysis as a critical blindness concerning discrepancies between Liberal behavior and Liberal principles. On a second level of analysis, however, one comes to the basic consistencies that underlie these overt inconsistencies. With regard to toleration, it emerges from a deeply relativistic philosophy which expresses itself socially as the "modulated age" where etiquette is superior to truth and men are acclimatized "to life without definitions" (p. 98). Equally revealing is the Liberal's ideological freedom from the limitations of reality. Before the force of abstractions like equality, rationality, planning, all difficulties arising from the stubbornness of fact disappear.

In this second stage of analysis, therefore, Buckley moves in fact from an examination of actions to a review of the spiritual conditions that make such actions possible. In the book they are called "relativism" and "ideology." The crucial point about this identification may very well be that Buckley does not follow Plato in seeing these as spiritual diseases rather than mere positions in epistemology. He comes

close to it, for the Liberal he describes (the capital "L" Liberal) is in fact the embodiment of the Thrasymachus Plato describes in the *Republic*. In a moving description of the modern student as formed by Liberal training Buckley approaches the Platonic insight that after Thrasymachus, the next stage downward in society leads to the security-conscious Glaucon:

We don't feel deeply because there are no fixed norms by which, taking the measure of our devisation, we grasp and then insist upon the need for reform. What norms there are, are merely conventional. They are not rooted in the natural order. . . .

The large majority of students, angled as they are toward Liberalism, are silent, reflecting the great emptiness of their faith. [Pp. 109, 112.]

Yet instead of pressing home this analysis of spiritual disorder, Buckley diverts his attention in his concluding critical chapter "Root Assumptions" to the social policies that derive from Liberal relativism and ideology. Thus he checks the deepening of the criticism and hurls it back to the shallower level of policy and action. From the root assumption of relativism Buckley derives the Liberal conception of democracy as a decision-making process that validates conclusions by the process itself without reference to objective standards. And from the ideological attitude of Liberals he derives the liberal proclivity for national planning in defiance of the laws of economics and psychology. It is as an alternative to this Liberal conception of democracy and economic planning that *Up from Liberalism* offers the conservative policy of political and economic freedom.

IN THIS WITHDRAWAL from the deepest issues implicitly raised by his criticism, Buckley mitigates the profundity of the confrontation between Liberalism and Con-

Give . . .
MODERN AGE
 A CONSERVATIVE REVIEW
 to your friends

Renew . . .
MODERN AGE
 A CONSERVATIVE REVIEW
 subscriptions promptly

MODERN AGE 64 E. Jackson Blvd.
 Chicago 4, Illinois

Please send MODERN AGE, a quarterly, for
☐ 1 year \$4 ☐ 2 years \$7 ☐ 3 years \$10

To _____

From _____

☐ Gift ☐ New Subscriber ☐ Renewal

MODERN AGE 64 E. Jackson Blvd.
 Chicago 4, Illinois

Please send MODERN AGE, a quarterly, for
☐ 1 year \$4 ☐ 2 years \$7 ☐ 3 years \$10

To _____

From _____

☐ Gift ☐ New Subscriber ☐ Renewal

servatism. It becomes a confrontation on the level of policy first of all, and, behind this, a difference of option between security and freedom as the proper good for man. The central issue between relativism and metaphysical realism is restricted to the one point concerning the objective conditions necessary for freedom, and the defense of the objectivity of truth is achieved in the single defense of private property against economic planning.

Two central issues are skirted in this limited confrontation. The first is whether freedom of choice alone is sufficient to make a man free. Buckley knows that it is not: one of his basic criticisms of Liberalism is that its idolization of choice has destroyed choice itself (p. 155). Yet, except on the one point of choosing the conditions necessary for free choice, he himself refuses to enter into the question of the substance of choice. The second issue is whether the question of the substance of choice can be solved successfully by the individual living apart from his society. Buckley knows that it cannot, for he himself proposes to live by the wisdom of his ancestors, not by current abstractions. Yet he will settle for a society that trains men to see no further than fin-tailed automobiles. This on the grounds that, as against the planners, men at least make their own mistakes.

Thus the issue of the social conditions necessary for meaningful freedom is avoided. But it is on this issue that the basic confrontation between Liberalism and Conservatism must occur. The real issue is between two views of man's relation to his society. The Liberal ideological view stemming from the French Revolution via Utilitarianism views society as the matrix out of which reason educes order according to abstract ideas. Consequently it claims for the state absolute power over the society. The conservative mind views society as an ob-

jective order deriving from a vast interlocking system of human relations developed over centuries into a coherent and concrete way of life. The members of the society share in its accumulated wisdom; they add to the store; they improve the order and the way of life. But they may not reject it, because it is superior to each of them and to all of them in any one generation.

When Burke first confronted the Liberal ideology of the French Revolution on these grounds, he had an easy time of it theoretically, for he had only to defend an English society that was coherently organized. The modern conservative almost instinctively avoids this basis of confrontation today because it will raise the problem of the reconstruction of a disintegrating social order—and if we are to attempt such

a reconstruction are we not led to a policy of state intervention as vast as that of the Liberals, and into areas of spiritual life where even the Liberals officially refuse to go? Conservative distrust of the state is too profound for that; we cannot plan for freedom.

Yet there is a need for social reconstruction if a significant freedom for man is to be won. Conservatives have yet to put together the theoretical basis for a solution to this problem. Nevertheless the elements of a solution are available; and every attempt in the conservative camp to achieve the needed formulation must be considered carefully, for each will cast light on the nature of the problem. On this score, *Up from Liberalism* is a particularly valuable early attempt and so an early contribution to what may prove a long and arduous task.

Ego vero utar via vetere, sed si propriorem et planiorum invenero hanc muniam. (I for my part shall make use of the established way, but if I shall find a freer and more appropriate way I shall develop it.)—Seneca

What altered was not the character of the man, but that of the Federal Republic which he always revered.

The Actuality of Calhoun

FELIX MORLEY

***The Papers of John C. Calhoun*, Vol. I, 1801-1817**, edited by Robert L. Meriwether. Columbia: University of South Carolina Press, 1959.

THIS INITIAL VOLUME, of a series planned to be at least twelve in all, presents the political development of Calhoun, in his own words, from the age of nineteen to that of thirty-five. The collection opens with a letter to an older cousin, dated September 6, 1801, seeking confirmation of the report "that Yale college is an institution at which an excellent education may be had." It closes with another letter, of November 15, 1817, to his mother-in-law. With his family Calhoun was then returning from South Carolina to Washington, to take up appointment as Secretary of War in the first Cabinet of President Monroe, and he writes that "We have made thus far 30 miles a day with ease."

Such informal observations give a helpfully photographic picture of the gangling young Republic in which Calhoun was destined to be, throughout his forty years of national prominence, a dominating force. In spite of his atrocious spelling, faithfully reproduced, these sidelights make it easier for the reader to appreciate the astonishing perception and profundity of his thought in the Congressional debates which fill most of the 469 pages of this volume. And though the times have changed, in respect to Yale and travel, many of Calhoun's political observations remain amazingly pertinent. He might well have been addressing the 86th, rather than the 13th Congress when he sharply told the House that the interest rate on government securities "will depend principally on the state of the money market—and not on the arguments here."

Although easily the most gifted of our post-revolutionary political philosophers, Calhoun has been largely unappreciated, misunderstood or even savagely maligned by most American historians. His rehabili-

tation began only recently, with the publication of the excellent three-volume biography by Charles M. Wiltse, issued in 1944, 49 and 51. The last volume of this trilogy overlapped the condensed study brought out by Margaret L. Coit in 1950. In 1952, John M. Anderson edited a useful documentary handbook, containing Calhoun's *Disquisition on Government* and eleven of his outstanding speeches. Now the debt that is owing to this great South Carolinian is being more fully discharged by this comprehensive compilation of all his known writings. The undertaking is sponsored by the National Historical Publications Commission and is being carried out by several cooperating agencies of Calhoun's native state.

It is poignant that this first volume, including the very important speeches made by Calhoun in the House of Representatives, should appear under the name of a recently deceased editor. Dr. Robert L. Meriwether, who for years had been assembling the voluminous papers, died when the book was still in galley proof. He has set a high standard for his successors, yet also has made it possible for them to attain it. For it was as director of the South Caroliniana Library that Dr. Meriwether patiently identified and assembled some 30,000 Calhoun items, of which 159 are reprinted in this volume. An appendix summarizes others, of lesser interest, for the period covered. Assuming continuation of this encyclopedic treatment, no valid excuse for further distortion of Calhoun's rightful place in history will long remain.

Yet injustices may be expected to continue, partly because of the resentment which an unconcealably superior intelligence always arouses, partly because of inconsistencies, in Calhoun's stormy career, so sharp that they seem to require partisanship to justify. Charles A. Beard, for instance, could summarize the South Caro-

linian's political thought by saying that it "sought ways and means of defeating the logic of democracy in the interest of economic privilege." Such sweeping strictures do more to illuminate the character of a writer than that of his subject. There was far more perception, as well as generosity, in the jingle perpetrated by one of Calhoun's Yale classmates in his college journal:

His soul by the ardour of honour is fired
And by his acquaintance he most is admired.

His science extensive, his manners refined,

To strangers polite and to intimates kind;

His mind is serene and his judgement is clear,

His love for his friends is unfeigned and sincere.

By nature loves all, none willingly hates
These are of his character some feeble traits,

Which incontrovertibly prove that Calhoun

Will arrive at the summit of eminence soon.

ONE IS AT FIRST inclined to think that this opening volume of the Calhoun Papers includes too many of his youthful letters, especially to his future mother-in-law. But for an understanding of Calhoun's rapid ascent towards "the summit of eminence" these intimate self-revelations are important. Unusual intellectual power is suggested by the account of the young man who, on his frequent solitary rambles, would "select a subject for reflection" and concentrate thereon "until satisfied with its examination." Again, as a law student of Judge Tappan Reeve in Connecticut, we find this future idol of southern aristocracy

denouncing the society of Charleston, "so extremely corrupt; and particularly so inattentive to every call of religion." A just appreciation of Calhoun begins with realization that he was born Puritan, cast in the Cromwellian mold.

These glimpses of the modest, studious yet deeply self-reliant youth are soon succeeded by chronological documentation of Calhoun's long political career. Paper No. 23 is the address he drafted, as a fledgling lawyer in Abbeville, S.C., for a local indignation meeting on the *Leopard-Chesapeake* affair. At twenty-five, this was "the first time he was brought before the public" and the occasion when he "laid the foundation of that enduring popularity in his native district which he retained to the day of his death." Today, however, these Abbeville Resolutions are rather flamboyant reading, notable chiefly for the strong sense of outraged patriotism and ardent nationalism which they convey.

This was the first rung on the ladder which, though quite unwittingly, Calhoun had placed against the White House walls. A year later he was elected to the South Carolina Legislature and after two years service there was chosen by his constituency for Congress. By then he had married his beloved Floride, ten years his junior, and was about to become a father, for the first of ten times. It did not prove an enduringly happy match, but of that there is no inkling in the present volume. Paper No. 40 therein is the only extant letter from Calhoun to his fiancée and one notes that even as lover he thinks politically. After delicately enumerating her attractions for him, John tells Floride that these "are the arms by which you have conquered, and it is by these the durability of your sovereignty is established over your subject whom you hold in willing servitude."

Calhoun entered Congress convinced that

war with Great Britain was inevitable, and as an immediate leader of the "War Hawks," did much to make it so. His desire to annex Canada, regardless of the will of its people; indeed his generally intense nationalism during this period, is certainly hard to reconcile with the equally fervent sectionalism of his later years. Because of that turnabout it is the more gratifying to have his speeches in the House, and the Committee reports he authored, now readily available in textual form.

If discount is made for the inexperience, the puritanical zeal and the driving energy of the young South Carolinian, his inconsistency becomes considerably less glaring. In 1812 Calhoun was no less a strict Constitutionalist than in 1837. What altered in this quarter-century of rapid national development was not the character of the man but rather that of the federal republic which he always revered.

There was need to strengthen the power and resources of a central government too feeble to prevent the British impressment of American seamen from American ships, even within our territorial waters. There was equal need to oppose centralization when it showed itself indifferent to the deepest economic and social interests of a sovereign State. Calhoun himself foreshadowed the change in his future course in his House speech of April 6, 1814 (No. 97 in this volume). "Inconsistency," he said, "consists in a change of conduct when there is no change of circumstances which justify it." Men "would be inconsistent if they persisted in a course of measures after the reasons which called for them so changed as to require a course directly the reverse." Indeed one looks in vain through these early papers for any evidence that Calhoun ever favored any coercion of the States by centralized government. He was throughout true to the text of his first speech in Congress (No. 47) "that liberty

can only exist in a division of the sovereign power; and that such division could only be permanent where each of the parts had within itself the means of protection."

THE VOLUME under review gives the full record of Calhoun's six years in the House of Representatives. It represents the people of the United States directly, and is the only organ of our central government that can accurately be called democratic. The Senate, even more so in Calhoun's day than now, represents the States as such and is therefore by its very nature a sectional rather than a national organ. While the obvious point seems to have been overlooked by most of Calhoun's critics, it alone would help to explain why he was more nationalistically inclined as a Congressman than as a Senator.

Calhoun always held the House in the highest esteem, as he especially emphasized in one of his last and greatest speeches there (No. 147). The issue was one that will be timely as long as representative government endures—being the extent to which an elected member should subordinate his judgment to pressure from the electors. Calhoun's remarks on this subject came forty-two years after Burke's address to the Electors of Bristol. Though influenced thereby Calhoun did not once plagiarize, except as he adorned Burke's thesis that "A constitution made up of balanced powers must ever be a critical thing."

On January 17, 1817, the House met in uncertain mood. It had to face the storm resulting from its vote, ten months previous, to change the compensation of Members from a per diem of six dollars to a regular salary of \$1500 a session. Even then that sum was modest to the point of penury, but nevertheless the action had aroused a nation-wide storm of protest. It had been strong enough in the 1816 election to oust two-thirds of those responsible. In order

to be returned Henry Clay, though Speaker, had felt it necessary to make public apology for his vote, a self-debasement of which Calhoun was temperamentally incapable. To make humiliation complete the same membership that had adopted the compensation law voted, at the close of the session, for its repeal.

It was this action that Calhoun flayed, denying flatly the theory that an elected representative should let his judgment be affected by criticism from his constituency. The doctrine of "implied instructions" from the voters, he argued, could only serve to undermine the Constitutional responsibility of the House. That Constitution is the only binding "instruction" for its membership; and loyalty to that primary obligation may well require a firm resistance to *vox populi* in its emotional or passionate moods.

The speech should be read in full. It explains why, at its close, one of Calhoun's most consistent opponents rose to pay him ungrudging tribute. "The buzz of popular applause," said Representative Grosvenor of New York prophetically, "may not cheer the honorable gentleman on his way. But he will inevitably arrive at a high and happy elevation in the view of his country and the world. And to those who surrender their conscience, their judgment and their independence, at the shrine of popular caprice and clamor, he shall finally hold the same relation that the eagle in his towering flight holds to the grovelling buzzard."

Buzzards are even thicker than starlings, around the public buildings of contemporary Washington. The more desirable, therefore, that publication of *The Papers of John C. Calhoun* be pushed forward to completion, as rapidly as is compatible with the skillful editing that makes this initial volume both easy and stimulating reading.

*A liberal professor's battle against
ghosts.*

Illusions of Illusion

RICHARD M. WEAVER

The Conservative Illusion, by M.
Morton Auerbach. New York: Columbia
University Press, 1959.

THE EXPANDING conservative movement must expect to find a variety of works directed against its philosophical and political position. This is, among other things, a witness to its present importance and promise for the future. Furthermore, it is not impossible to think that some of these works will bring criticism which can be assimilated. Conservatives remain in this age almost the only believers in tolerance; in any age I think they will respect the

spiritual admonition present in T. S. Eliot's saying: "One needs the enemy." The enemy helps one to define oneself: he can arouse conscience and bring chastisement for errors.

At least this is what I would have been willing to say before reading M. Morton Auerbach's *The Conservative Illusion*. Now I begin to doubt; unless the critics of conservatism can furnish something more real than this, there is little chance that the great conversation can be profitably continued very long. I have said "something more real" because I would indicate at the beginning the general nature of this

work. *The Conservative Illusion* sets out to do a complete demolition job on a point of view and a philosophy which are older than Burke, older than Plato, older than the Bible, because they go back to the ancient time when people first began to reflect about the nature of man, the nature of creation, and the manifold relations between the two. The project is, to say the least, ill-advised, and the actual achievements are incidental. Still, as an example of the recourses the enemies of conservatism may try in their alarm, the book is worth examining.

One begins to understand the presumptuousness of the attempt after looking at the author's method. By a combination of dialectic and hypostatization he manages to create a definition of conservatism so artificial and so brittle that it shatters easily upon contact with historical circumstances, which he is always ready to supply in abundance. According to Professor Auerbach, if the conservative steps one foot in one direction, he becomes a "reactionary"; let him step one foot in another and he is a "liberal"; one foot in another and he is an "authoritarian." And if he stays in the little corner that is defined for him, Professor Auerbach has a special set of postulates to belabor him with.

It is most revealing to note that although Professor Auerbach's great enemy is Plato, to whom he attributes most of the afflictions that come in the form of conservatism, he is thus constantly indulging in the worst, the least acceptable kind of Platonizing. Under his examination almost everybody turns out to be something less, or other, than a conservative because some of his beliefs do not square with the rigid, archetypal idea which has been set up. And such failures to measure up even in minor matters are used to pronounce conservatism an illusion. In its formal aspect the book is one long exercise in definition-

chopping. Following out his method, he arrives at the absurdity of declaring that the Dark Ages and the Late Middle Ages have been the only conservative societies.

IT IS NOT EASY to locate the real point of the author's attack. His argument is so bound up with these stipulative definitions and at the same time so reiterative that one can get lost in the mazes and repetitions. As far as I can make out, however, the case is approximately as follows: there may be conservative values, but they can never get themselves translated into reality, at least under the aegis of conservatism. The result is that the conservative must either abandon his attempt and become "alienated," contenting himself perhaps with writing a *Utopia*; or he must try by force to get them realized and so transform himself into an "authoritarian"; or else (note the crossing of boundaries of definition again) he must become a "liberal" by largely accepting the institutions and methods of the time, while wearing some conservative trappings. I must say that the conservative thinkers of my acquaintance know nothing of these inhibitions which he so pontifically lays upon them.

Still, conceding that all of these courses can be followed, there is no real ground for presenting them as inevitable. What makes them appear so in the author's exposition is a peculiar metaphysic of history which pervades the book from end to end. He sets up a concept of abstract, inexorable historical forces which have no relationship to human will or purpose. In fact, there is no conservative principle that he is more vocal against than belief in the primacy of ideas and values. Consequently, whenever he wants to write *finis* to a political doctrine, all he has to do is invoke his conjuror's term and say that "historical forces" make it irrelevant.

But the reader still wants to know why

historical forces, even of the kind he visualizes, make conservatism more irrelevant than other political philosophies. Here it becomes necessary to look more closely at the idea of conservatism which he has codified. The term which he uses most frequently in designating its essence is "harmony." I suspect that this may be an evasion of a more accurate word which would be embarrassing for the author to handle. The word is *order*. Order, or harmony as an expression of order, I would agree, is the goal which most if not all conservative thinking has in view.

Now the present author appears to believe that because ours has been increasingly an age of conflict, the conservative ideal of order must be abandoned as an impossibility. I quote from page 85: "Conservatism seeks 'community,' tradition, harmony, and quiescence. In this century it has found organization, violence, political powers, and revolutionary upheaval." If these two sentences are taken as premises, what conclusion is to be drawn? The conclusion I would draw is that however incompletely conservatism may be realizing itself, it offers the remedy for the major evils besetting our era.

No informed person will deny that conservatism, with its passion for an order reflecting a meaningful hierarchy of the goods, has been having a rough time for several decades. That is evidenced by the common admission that we are passing through a period of exceptional crises. But to pass from the presence of conflict to a conclusion that control and discipline and order have no place in the world is to reverse the process by which political judgments should be arrived at.

Any theory of political ordering has some difficulty in actualizing and maintaining itself in the face of empirical reality; and any such difficulty can be interpreted as a "tragic" limitation. It is highly

characteristic of the author's militant secular liberalism that he is very impatient with the idea of tragedy. Anything containing an element of the tragic is repudiated by him for this reason, and if in some places he makes himself appear difficult to argue with, it is largely because he has left out this dimension of reality. And correspondingly it is because he shies away from any such recognition that he can insist upon the unrealistic standards of complete consistency and triumph for the politically permissible. In his account, as previously noted, conservatives are always being "defeated" by adjusting themselves to the liberal trend, or by becoming alienated, or they are undone by the contradictions in their own doctrines.

He is a great one to find contradictions in everybody, and he rests so much of his case upon this kind of discovery that something must be said about it as a point of argument. To show that a political system or a political thinker exhibits contradictions is not nearly so serious a charge as he assumes his readers are ready to believe. I will hazard that such can be proved more or less about any comprehensive system which has ever been put forward. What the contradictions may, and certainly in many cases do indicate is that the author of the system is at grips with reality. The contradictions are not of course good things in themselves, but they are evidences of a referential relationship to the world, and they may be resolved on a higher level. Thus they are often signs of vitality.

I would take a position quite the contrary of Professor Auerbach's and say that the system which has everything perfectly blueprinted is far more to be suspected as to its origin and viability than the one which has not managed to solve a contradiction or two. The conservative believes in order, of course, but not in the

perfectly rationalistic order which is a burlesque on what is attainable in the real world. The conservative order is one which encompasses ideals and facts, unity and diversity. It is neither merely natural nor merely intellectualistic; it is an order which seeks to bring together the existential world and a pattern of justice. For Professor Auerbach to suppose that turning up a contradiction in this and that person's position is to administer the *coup de grâce* merely underscores the rigidity of his own thinking.

I AM PRONE TO BELIEVE that this peculiar quality of the book (which originated as a Columbia University doctoral dissertation) results actually from Professor Auerbach's own isolation from his subject. Let me say here that he sounds throughout like a man who has learned everything that he knows about social orders from books. His understanding never seems to penetrate beyond the verbal representations of the things he is talking about. He appears to have no sense of the emotional factors which cause people to love and to try to preserve their communities and sometimes to do "contradictory" things toward that end. Hence, for all his invocations to history, his own concept of it remains jejeune.

The only way he can maintain his curious thesis is to keep a wedge driven between conservative values and his version of reality. In his eyes, any revolution, any significant conflict, any decay of an aristocratic order is another proof that the conservatives have failed. Thus on page 254 we find him preparing what looks like a deadly trap for conservatism: "Unless we are to assume that ideology is an irrelevant construction of the mind, it is essential that values be grounded in history. *History is the real test of ideology*, because history is the critical battleground

of the human values which ideology represents." But anyone who recognizes this as nothing more than dialectical materialism can easily slip out of the snare. The truth Professor Auerbach refuses to take note of is that for those who reject positivist philosophies, history is not to be read in simple fashion from the phenomenology of events.

History does not become history until it has been interpreted, and then not merely in regard to preponderance of matter. There may indeed occur confused battle on a darkling plain, but this will not be simply a case of external facts and forces. For the conservative the battle is moral and spiritual. The function of the study of history is to heighten the conscience; and this teaches one to resist history as well as to accept it, for events do not legitimize themselves. No matter how many victories Professor Auerbach's historical forces win, he has not secured anything he can defend in terms of value. He leaves history at the level of reportage, whereas the conservative image of history arises out of primal affection and a desire to follow transcendental ideals of justice. And it is this that gives content to the philosophy of conservatism.

Considerations like these leave one wondering about the alternative he has in view. *The Conservative Illusion* is obviously intended to be destructive criticism, but even in works of the most destructive kind the author usually has somewhere in the wings, so to speak, an idea, a hint, a suggestion of what should appear in place of what he seeks to destroy. The nearest approach to anything of the sort appearing in this polemic is a notion of freedom which he is heroically rescuing from conservative control.

But the notion lacks clear exposition, and when we put together the various pieces, it becomes nothing more than turning

ourselves over to the blind historical forces which he has reified. He does, however, give us glimpses of what this kind of freedom will produce. On his own admission it issues in a society where there is more interest in weather control and space travel than in moral problems and political community, and in which "movie stars, crooners, and athletes" will have more prestige than men of thought and character. Such are the historical forces which render conservatism obsolete.

I am left with the feeling that *The Conservative Illusion* is itself a remarkably defeatist book. It is evident from beginning to end that the author cannot abide the idea of a source of order or center of control. Having erected, as he thinks, a heavy tombstone over those who have taught the desirability of such a center, what has he left to offer? It is a politics of infinite dispersion. Everything goes flying off in its own direction; liberalism becomes ever more liberal; hierarchies are toppled so that there is no longer any

means of judging one thing as better or worse than another. Moral order is collapsed into something like the universe of modern astrophysics, with everything moving away centrifugally, nobody knows where or why. And this goes on forever, because if at any point one stops and tries to pull back toward a position of value, he becomes a conservative. After more than three hundred pages of tiresome insistence, the author comes to rest with this statement:

But to offer mankind Conservative harmony as its supreme goal, on the assumption that social and moral forces are decisive in history, is to offer an illusion; and to burden man with a superfluous sense of guilt for failing to achieve an illusion is to make a grim joke of history which has too long borne unnecessary tragedies.

That is a lot of toil to arrive at a conclusion the first half of which is untrue and the second empty rhetoricism.

The Achievement of Faulkner

RANDALL STEWART

The concrete universal in the fiction of a great writer.

William Faulkner: From Jefferson to the World, by Hyatt H. Waggoner. Lexington: University of Kentucky Press, 1959.

FAULKNER'S FAME is great, and the books about him are increasingly numerous. Mr. Waggoner's book seems to me very good. Though it would be both invidious and premature to call it the best, I haven't seen a better.

The author takes up Faulkner's novels in chronological order, giving to each work a careful scrutiny. Although his choice of the greatest (*The Sound and the Fury*, *As I Lay Dying*, *Light in August*, and *Absalom, Absalom*) is in agreement with the general consensus, his rating of some of the other books is less usual: *Sanctuary*, for example, seems to him "one of the finest novels in modern literature," though inferior to Faulkner's best. The author is obviously sympathetically disposed toward his subject.

Mr. Waggoner detects a falling-off in literary power beginning with *Intruder in the Dust* (1948). The "message" became so important, he explains, that Faulkner "could no longer be wholly content with

the indirection of fiction." Accordingly, Gavin Stevens was created, and his too explicit role almost converts *Intruder* into a tract. The old general in *A Fable* actually quotes Faulkner's Nobel Prize speech. *A Fable* Waggoner regards as inferior: "Faulkner's Christ is likely to strike almost everyone as impoverished rather than ambiguous or luminant." Of Faulkner's failure in *A Fable*, it is pointed out that Faulkner (and the novelist in general) succeeds when he deals with "experienced realities" and not with "received ideas"; he "can criticize convincingly only in terms of tone, character, temperament, and conduct," and not through a mouthpiece or spokesman-character. The falling-off continues in *The Town*, which, Waggoner believes, "suffers greatly in any comparison with *The Hamlet*."

Mr. Waggoner, rightly I think, takes a deprecating view of the current interviewing rage. "When Faulkner talks off the top of his mind, as he frequently does in public situations," he says, "he seems to me often to misrepresent both himself and his work. . . . A great many of Faulkner's public statements of meaning and intention lead us not toward but away from an understanding of the achieved meanings of the works themselves." There is no short cut, in other words—not even the direct question put to obliging novelist—to the understanding of the achieved meanings. Moreover, an author may be, and frequently is, a poor critic of his own work.

Mr. Waggoner's book is distinguished to a certain extent, though not excessively, by literary comparisons and a consideration of possible influences. I find the largest number of references to: (1) the Bible ("Faulkner's imagination works effectively only when it works in Biblical terms. . . . His fiction is best understood in Biblical categories"); (2) Melville ("The symbolic implications of Melville's images of land

and sea are continued in Faulkner's of town and wilderness"); (3) Hawthorne ("When asked 'whether man's best hope to prevail and endure lay with the mind or the heart,' Faulkner gave a Hawthornesque answer: 'I don't have much confidence in the mind. It lets you down sooner or later. You have to feel.'"); and (4) Eliot, ("With Eliot, Faulkner tells us that if we hold to a purely positivistic definition of man, we shall misconceive his nature and his situation").

Waggoner gives a fuller account of Eliotic parallels and influences than I have seen elsewhere. Notwithstanding, my personal feeling is that Faulkner's spiritual and literary affinities are with Hawthorne and Melville more than with Eliot. Compare the above quotation from Faulkner (an obvious exception to the author's objection to "reported" material) with the following famous remark by Melville to Hawthorne, apropos of *Ethan Brand*: "I stand for the heart. To the dogs with the head! I had rather be a fool with a heart, than Jupiter Olympus with his head. The reason the mass of men fear God, and at bottom dislike Him, is because they rather distrust His heart, and fancy Him all brain like a watch."

The most distinctive aspect of this book, to me, is the author's sustained interest in Faulkner's relation to Christian doctrine. "We must recognize Benjy as a Christ image," he says. He sees *Light in August* as "deeply Christian in its meaning." He regards *The Sound and the Fury* and *Light in August* as more successful embodiments of Christian doctrine than *Requiem for a Nun* and *A Fable*. If, as Waggoner maintains, Faulkner's view of man's nature and the human situation is more satisfactory from the Christian standpoint than his view of God and Revelation; if "however strong our sympathy for the Dilseys of the world may be, we cannot by wishing

attain to their simple faith;" if Faulkner's novels (or anybody else's) can't save us; Faulkner nevertheless points more clearly than most the direction in which we must travel to find salvation.

Cleanth Brooks said recently that religion has become "intellectually respectable." It is encouraging to see as confirmation a scholar-critic of Professor Waggoner's eminence dealing intelligently and seriously with the question of the Christian elements in Faulkner's writings. If Faulkner is not a complete Christian, he at least embodies a Christian doctrine of man—man as a responsible sinner—and this is the necessary first step.

Mr. Waggoner is not a Southerner (he is a New Englander), but he is fully aware that Faulkner is more than a sociologist: he is not reporting on conditions in Mississippi but rather on the human condition. "*Light in August*," he declares, "is addressed not only to the conscience of the South but to the conscience of all readers anywhere." And again, "Snopesism is

quaintly amusing only if we assume that Snopeses live only in Yoknapatawpha." The sin of slavery, against which Faulkner cries out repeatedly, is a sin in which all men are accomplices, and our present acute difficulties are not likely to be relieved until the non-South recognizes and acknowledges its complicity. It is a complicity which Lincoln pointed out clearly enough in the great *Second Inaugural*.

From one viewpoint, the present role imposed upon the South is the role of scapegoat. The complicity, if studied historically (Ike McCaslin studied his that way, and resolved to renounce his inheritance), could be shown to go back to colonial times, when New England shipmasters made a profitable business out of the slave trade. Waggoner says that Faulkner's relation to a Southern community has been "advantageous to him." Right, though a good deal of an understatement. And it is a kind of poetic justice that the greatest of living writers should have come out of the travail of the modern South.

A stylistically beautiful translation, at the sacrifice of meaning.

Roche's Sophocles

GARRY WILLS

The Oedipus Plays of Sophocles,
translated by Paul Roche. *New York:*
Mentor, 1959.

IN DEALING with most poets, a translator must find the colors, pictures, and melodies that exist in the author's mind and are glimpsed through his words. But Sophocles poses a different problem. In no other poet are words so simply and completely words. There are few images in his plays; there is no extraneous fervor, no poetic touches are added for their own sake. This man's greatest lines are bare, taut statements, in which the word exercises its basic function of conveying Fact. The words do not veil, tint, or transform; things shine clear and unintercepted through these verbal symbols. The perfec-

tion of Sophoclean drama consists in the uniting of these bare statements so that a multiple fact is set completely before us, evident yet unfathomable. The mystery is that of the reality, not of the words, which could hardly have been simpler. Oedipus' situation shines in all its own darkness through clear statements like the chorus' "We know you are no god," Jocasta's "Never know who you are," and the hero's own "when I am nothingness, I am a man."

Because of this crystalline quality in Sophocles' language, most translations of his plays cry for cutting and pruning. This is not true of Paul Roche's new translations of the Oedipus plays and *Antigone*. It is surprising that our Eliot-disciplined age had not already found the correct tautness for translating Sophocles. But Roche, at least, has done this. He captures the lyric quality

of *Oedipus in Colonus* in words as simple as the original's:

Father, poor wayworn Oedipus,
the walls and turrets of the town,
as far as I can see,
are still a long way off,
but where we are is clearly consecrated
ground:
luxuriant in laurel, olive, vine,
and deep in song of nightingales.

The touch of pun in the third line quoted has its equivalent in the passage's *omma*, a word always given special weight and ambivalent emphasis in the *Oedipus* plays. The Shakespearian punctuation of the sentence is not accidental, either. Roche has written his translations with performance in mind, and has found performers to try the versions and help him shape them. The choruses emerge from this process with a clarity that avoids shallow paraphrase; they are mysterious, but not because of clumsy phrasing. In short, this is not only a good translation but one which—in point of style—can serve as a model for other translators of Sophocles.

Despite these excellences of Roche's style, his translation—like most versions of Greek drama—presents a shining surface over which we skim very easily, unable to find that hole in the ice which will reveal the deep waters where Oedipus drowned. We need only pick up Jebb's clumsy prose, on the other hand, or Murray's florid verse, to feel that we are at

grips with the total *thing*, not with exercises in reproducing style. This is a sensation which Roche does not give us. The collection of phrases never fuses into a single object.

Sometimes Mr. Roche seems willing to sacrifice *what* is said to *how* it is said, achieving his stylistic approximation to Sophocles by limiting his ambition to this kind of faithfulness. He is more interested, for instance, in reproducing the order than the meaning of the words. Sophocles' mordant words call the Theban plague "a god unhonored of the other gods" (*Oed Tyr.*, 215). Roche achieves the original's tight ring of paradox in his "the god that is godless," but he leaves the impression that the plague is not-honoring instead of unhonored.

Sophocles writes a beautifully revolving line (*ibid.*, 156) which is reproduced in Roche's separate verse as "Or turn in the turning of time." Sophocles built the phrase into his grammatical structure without any strain; Roche, in achieving a stylistic effect of the original, detaches the line from its functional relation to the sentence. He must rely on a violent ellipsis in order to do this, giving the phrase a cryptic quality which is unmotivated by the thought. This sacrifice of meaning to stylistic nicety is frequent in these three plays. That experiment is, on its own level, a success; and it should prove helpful to future translators, as well as to Mr. Roche, who has not said his final word on Greek drama.

The Persistence of Tragedy

C. CARTER COLWELL

A complex view, reflecting the modern critical approach.

The Vision of Tragedy, by Richard Benson Sewall. *New Haven: Yale University Press, 1959.*

PROFESSOR SEWALL'S BOOK effectively accomplishes several goals. It defines tragedy; it discusses eight tragic works in some detail; it demonstrates "not only the possibility but the existence of true tragic writing in our time"; and, incidentally, it sweeps through the evolution of tragedy. Chronologically organized, the eight specific discussions are linked where necessary by brief chapters filling in historical lacunae in the tragic spectrum.

The minimal definition of tragedy appears in a brief chapter discussing the relationship between evil, suffering, and values. In the practical discussions, the emphasis varies. The basic questions are: Is there a protagonist confronted with evil? Does he choose to act, and persevere in his opposition to the implications of the initial situation? Does he suffer, and thereby in some sense learn? Does the work as a whole maintain the co-existence of evil and good, affirming the value of the latter without denying the existence of the former? To the extent that these questions may be answered "yes," a work is tragic.

Professor Sewall observes these qualities in the *Book of Job*. Job, by questioning,

opposes the vision his suffering implies. The body of the discussion argues that Job's concept of his problem ever enlarges, in spite of occasional backslidings. The vision of God, the ultimate mystery behind suffering, is therefore within the tragic expansion of *Job*. Sophocles' Oedipus also pursues the truth about himself relentlessly, and in his self-blinding does something about it. Unlike the Hebraic poet, the Greek is unconcerned with the gods, whom he takes for granted; but Oedipus, like Job, has faced suffering aggressively, and emerged a bigger man. *Job* and *Oedipus* have affected every subsequent tragedy in Western literature. *Job* is the archetype of tragedy concerned with judgment, or eschatology, and *Oedipus* is the archetype of tragedy concerned with actuality, or ontology.

The advent of Christianity had ambivalent implications for the possibility of tragedy. The emphasis on Redemption and Atonement, on the next life, is anti-tragic; but the danger of infinite damnation and the crisis of choice between belief and non-belief open new tragic possibilities. Marlowe's Faustus faces the alternatives offered by Christianity, and, impelled by the Renaissance impulse toward knowledge and mastery of the world, makes an agonizing choice. Throughout the play, the audience is forced to experience the choice as Faustus is continually forced to face the issue again, and to reaffirm it. Therefore, it is impossible to accept his final condemnation as unequivocally just. Faustus too learns, becoming capable of a direct vision of the universe of Christ's mercy and of damnation.

Lear finds the punishment of his folly excessive. He heroically pursues his justification beyond common sense, into the storm and madness. His perseverance brings new perception to Lear, thereby asserting value in the midst of evil. In *King Lear* as a

whole, neither evil nor good triumphs, but the reconciliation with Cordelia and the goodness of assorted minor characters balance the evils in whose context they emerge.

AFTER THE RENAISSANCE (and Racine), the next real tragedy appears in nineteenth-century America. The reasons for this lapse are various mixtures of simple-mindedness rather than complexity, inability to imagine evil, and dogmatic optimism. But in *The Scarlet Letter* the unresolved ethical complexity of tragedy reappears. Hester reaches no easy solution to the question of what it means to be, but she has acted out an answer.

The structure of *Moby-Dick* is complicated by the use of Ishmael as a bridge from the normal world to the tragic world dominated by Ahab as tragic hero. Ahab's non-tragic demonism is qualified by his "melting moods . . . introspection and self-doubt"; by his conviction that he is assuming the burden of mankind; in his own statements of the duality of good and evil; and in his final reconciliation with himself.

"Ideally, tragedy reveals simultaneously, in one complete action, man's total possibilities and his most grievous limitations." In modern tragedy such as *The Brothers Karamazov*, the hero's plight is particularly obscure; his problem is not to choose between values, but to find any at all. Dmitri and Ivan pursue their own natures, motivated by sensualism and by cynical rationalism respectively, to a new understanding in which value has been created. However, though capable of learning through suffering, neither is ready to preserve the vision permanently. Alyosha too has bitter experiences and moments of doubt, and only limited success in the world. But it is his brothers who find, if only temporarily, tragic truth—"fragmentary, tentative, and precarious."

The paucity of tragedy in the twentieth

century is the failure of our contemporaries to see man "in all his relationships . . . and in all his possibilities as well as limitations." Faulkner, however, fully develops the tragic crisis in all its implications. In *Absalom, Absalom*, the story of Thomas Sutpen constitutes the crisis of a "full and tragic realization by Quentin of the paradox of his Southern heritage, and the dilemma of man, with which he must somehow come to terms and cannot." Thomas and Henry Sutpen are the agents, the tragic heroes in the active sense. But they do not understand their own histories, and the impact and meaning of their actions is suffered by Quentin. His is the initiation into the ambiguity, the ambivalence of the human situation.

The legitimacy of Professor Sewall's self-consciously "inductive" method as a device for achieving theoretical clarity may be questioned. As might be expected, the most precise strokes in the definition of tragedy occur in explicit generalizations. The effect of the method is simply to scatter the total definition throughout the book. However, the purpose of practical criticism is well served. The effort toward definition which appears in each discussion duplicates, at the critical level, the effort toward perception which characterizes the works themselves. Also, the inductive method maintains the essentially *ad hoc* nature of crea-

tive criticism, in which the critical tool is shaped by the work it carves.

Another virtue lies in the somewhat tantalizing historical implications. In *Job*, *Oedipus*, and *Faustus*, the hero's growth is the structure of the play; in subsequent works, it is not. In *Faustus*, the infinite intensification of moral alternatives offered by Christianity appears. By the time of *The Scarlet Letter* and *Moby-Dick* the author must define a frame of reference for his audience. Dostoevski's heroes have to create the alternatives they will choose from in a world where all values have disappeared; and in *Absalom, Absalom* the tragic hero is virtually split.

In conclusion, Professor Sewall's book is in the main stream of contemporary criticism. The tragic vision is a complex one, paradoxical, ambiguous, precariously between the forces of good and evil, and acknowledging both without resolution; and it is communicated by the entire dramatic dialectic. However, his emphasis on complexity is clearly directed to the reality the tragic vision grapples with. The relationship between the tensions in art and the tensions in the actual world has in this writer's opinion been implicit in almost all modern criticism, but here it is explicit. It is shown as an enduring quality of "the existential vision, the radical response to the life-situation."

The Burke Newsletter

EDITORS

Peter J. Stanlis, Department of English,
University of Detroit

C. P. Ives, *The Baltimore Sun*, Baltimore,
Maryland

EDITORIAL ADVISORS

Donald C. Bryant, Department of Speech,
State University of Iowa

Thomas I. Cook, Department of Political
Science, The Johns Hopkins University

Thomas W. Copeland, Department of Eng-
lish, University of Massachusetts

Ross J. S. Hoffman, Department of His-
tory, Fordham University

James T. Boulton, Department of English,
University of Nottingham, Nottingham,
England

General Announcements

WE ARE PLEASED to report that your editors have received many expressions of interest and approval of the Burke newsletter, from both laymen and academic specialists, and that there is a wide consensus in favor of our policy of appealing to as broad an area of interests as possible. We feel that this policy is sound, because it reflects the extensive range of interests of Burke himself. He has been read by the public at large, and in our universities he is studied in political science, history, literature, philosophy, and speech.

For the past nine months we have been compiling a master list of persons interested in Burke studies, and of societies which may well include a place for Burke in their

proceedings. This list of names and addresses is now available, and may be secured by sending a self-addressed and stamped envelope to Peter J. Stanlis, Department of English, University of Detroit, Detroit, Michigan. To keep the list up-to-date, from time to time new names and addresses will be included in a supplement. This master list of Burke readers and scholars will be invaluable to publishers of new books on Burke, and will give a sense of corporate purpose to Burke studies in Britain and the United States. Such a list will also be useful to readers who may wish to form a local Burke society, or to scholars who may wish to organize a conference on Burke at the annual meetings of the various learned societies.

Professor Donald C. Bryant reports that a new vehicle of contact with people interested in eighteenth-century speaking has been created in the Speech Association of America. At their convention last December, a committee on British public address was created, with Professor Jerome Landfield, Oberlin College, Oberlin, Ohio, as chairman, and Professor Robert Smith, University of Virginia, Charlottesville, Virginia, as secretary. Dr. Bryant is the editor of a newsletter for this committee, whose work will include an interest in Burke as a parliamentarian speaker and debater.

We are confident that an inventory of outstanding collections of materials by, on, or closely related to Burke, in manuscripts, books, or pamphlets, held by persons or libraries in Britain and the United States, would be of great interest to many of our readers, and of value to scholars. For example, it is important to know that in recent years Harvard University library has bought up much Burke material, and that the Newberry Library has an outstanding collection of eighteenth-century political pamphlets from the time of Burke. If the Burke newsletter is to be a clearing house

for Burke studies, it is necessary that we know of such collections, from individual owners and librarians, so that we can report about them in future numbers of the newsletter.

Our winter number stated that one portion of the Fitzwilliam collection was owned by Captain Thomas W. Fitzwilliam, and was on deposit at Lamport Hall, Northamptonshire. This is an error which needs to be corrected. Captain Fitzwilliam has since become the Earl, hence is owner of both parts of the collection; the Fitzwilliam papers are now in their new quarters at Delapré Abbey, Northampton.

Recent American Publications and Work in Progress

A SEPARATE English edition of Professor Thomas H. D. Mahoney's *Edmund Burke and Ireland* (Harvard University Press, 1960), is scheduled for publication this spring at the Oxford University Press. Two other books on Burke which have appeared this year are Francis P. Canavan's *The Political Reason of Edmund Burke* (Duke University Press, 1960), and *The Correspondence of Edmund Burke*, Vol. II (University of Chicago Press, 1960). Professor John C. Weston, Jr., University of Massachusetts, has published a letter, *Times Literary Supplement*, May 17, 1957, demonstrating Burke's authorship of *An Abridgment of English History*, and a reply to W. B. Todd on the same subject, July 19, 1957. He has also published "Burke's Authorship of the 'Historical Articles' in Dodsley's *Annual Register*," in *Papers of the Bibliographical Society of America*, LI (1957), 244-49. "The Ironic Purpose of Burke's *Vindication Vindicated*," in *Journal of the History of Ideas*, XIX (June, 1958), 435-41, was his excellent reply to Murray N. Rothbard's "A Note on Burke's *Vindication of Natural Society*," in *Journal of the History of Ideas*, XIX (Jan., 1958), 114-

18. Professor Weston is working on an edition of the first five historical articles in the *Annual Register*, to be called *A History of the Seven Years' War*.

During the spring semester, Professor Donald C. Bryant gave a seminar, "Burke: Special Studies of his Work as Speaker and Controversial Writer," for graduate students in English and in Speech at the State University of Iowa. He used Burke's notes and drafts among the manuscripts at Sheffield and Delapr e Addey, to reconstruct Burke's day-to-day debating. He correlated Burke's manuscript notes with the reports of Burke's speeches in Hansard, the Cavanish Debates, The Parliamentary Register, and other printed accounts. A brief sample of the results of this research was published in *Quarterly Journal of Speech* (Dec., 1952), but recently, with the help of a graduate research assistant, Professor Bryant has greatly extended his research, and hopes to publish the results at a later date. From this study, which in some cases amounts to an original variorum, he will present a great deal about Burke's habits of thought and composition, as reflected in alterations in his style.

The first draft of Professor Ross Hoffman's book on Burke and Rockingham has reached about 500 pages of manuscript, with ten of about fourteen chapters completed. After the first draft there is revision, correction, and polishing, so that publication of this important book is not contemplated for at least another year. Readers of Professor Hoffman's *Burke, New York Agent* (The American Philosophical Society, Philadelphia, 1956), know that scholarship as thorough and brilliant as he has produced cannot be hurried, and will patiently await the appearance of the Rockingham volume, which will define the most intimate political relationship Burke ever knew.

After a semester of fruitful research in

England, working mostly with manuscripts, Professor Carl B. Cone taught during the spring semester at Louisiana State University, where he began to write his second volume of *Burke and the Nature of Politics*. In April he gave a lecture at the University of Kentucky, "The Burke Revival." His second volume will cover the last fifteen years of Burke's life, and he will make use of a great mass of materials that no previous biographer could have employed. His synthesis of individual articles, monographs, and manuscripts will enable us to see the period after 1782 as a unified whole.

In untangling the complicated politics of England from March, 1782 to early 1784, Professor Cone will discuss further Burke's important contribution to the idea of political party, and his interpretation of the British constitution. Professor Cone's recent research has shown him that the Fox-North coalition was neither as unnatural nor as monstrous as it has always been considered by historians. It endured until the French Revolution, and when the split occurred, it cut across the lines of the coalition rather than separating the Fox-North groups.

The period from 1784 to the French Revolution has never been adequately presented in any biography of Burke. Although Burke was concerned mainly with Hastings and India, much more needs to be made clear of his other activities during these five years between the American and French Revolutions. No previous writer on Burke's impeachment of Hastings has ever worked the materials from both sides. The motives and purposes of Burke and Philip Francis will be considered, along with the character and conduct of Hastings, and a new evaluation will emerge from the new evidence. The role of Thurlow as a champion of Hastings, especially during the debates upon the evidence in the House of

Lords in 1795, will receive special attention.

In considering the impeachment as a whole, for the biographer of Burke the really important question is not, Was Hastings guilty?, but rather, Was the evidence sufficient to justify the proceedings against him? In the past, too many scholars have addressed themselves to the wrong question, and have forgotten that the purpose of a trial is to determine whether the evidence that justifies the trial is also sufficient to justify conviction. An indictment is not a conviction, so that Burke won a great triumph when the Commons decided to carry out the impeachment, because the evidence against Hastings justified action; however, since the impeachment was a judicial process, the prosecution had to prove its case, and failed to do so. But this in itself is no reason to condemn Burke for undertaking the business in the first place. In the final section of *Burke and the Nature of Politics* an attempt will be made to integrate Burke's part in Irish and French affairs with the earlier part of his life, and to discuss his political thought in its historical setting, and in the light of recent Burke studies.

Galleys for *The Correspondence of Edmund Burke*, Vol. III, were read by the editors and returned to Cambridge around the middle of April. If press schedules hold to normal, the editors will have page proofs by this summer, and publication will be late in 1960 or early in 1961. Professor George Guttridge, University of California at Berkeley, editor of volume III, will submit an account of this volume either in the fall or winter number of the newsletter, depending upon the publication date. Last spring Professor Guttridge taught his annual pro-seminar, "Burke and his Age, 1750-1800," a reading and discussion graduate course based on materials by or about Burke.

Recent British Publications and Work in Progress

AN INQUIRY was circulated recently by Professor J. T. Boulton to the heads of all the departments of English and history in British universities, for information about Burke studies and research. The large crop of replies indicated interest in depth. Current news of research in progress will be amplified by relevant information in the future. We will summarize some of the replies of current interest.

Mr. E. Anthony Smith, Department of Modern History, The University, White Knight's Park, Reading, Berkshire, is working on the political career of William Wentworth, Second Earl Fitzwilliam, between 1782 and 1833, with special reference to his parliamentary and electoral importance, and to his connections with Ireland. He is interested in the history of the Whig Party, particularly between 1782-1807, and in the political contribution of Burke to the Whig Party. Mr. Smith is scheduled to write the biography of Richard Burke, Jr., for the *History of Parliament* volume for 1790-1820.

Mr. Ian R. Christie, Department of History, University College, London, Gower St., W.C.1., has published "Henry Cruger and the End of Edmund Burke's Connection with Bristol," *Transactions of the Bristol and Gloucestershire Archeological Society*, Vol. 74 (1955), pp. 153-70; *The End of North's Ministry, 1780-1782* (London: Macmillan Co., 1958). He is preparing a book with the provisional title "The Parliamentary Reform Movement in British Politics, 1763-1785."

Mr. P. J. Marshall, Kings College, University of London, Strand W.C.2, has written a Ph.D. thesis, "The Impeachment of Warren Hastings," Oxford University. Mr. K. R. Minogue, Assistant Lecturer, London School of Economics, is working on a

Ph.D. thesis entitled "The Function of Poetic Statement in the Political Philosophy of Edmund Burke."

Mr. James Hogan, Department of History, University College, Cork, Ireland, has written "Edmund Burke and Representative Government," in *Election and Representation* (Cork University Press, 1945), pp. 157-203. This work was also published by B. H. Blackwell, Oxford, 1945. Professor Hogan has also written an extensive review of Parkin's *The Moral Basis of Burke's Political Thought*, in *Philosophical Studies* (Dec. 1957), pp. 130-36. This journal is published by the Editorial Office, St. Patrick's College, Maynooth, Ireland. Under the direction of Professor Hogan, Sean

J. McCarthy wrote an M.A. Dissertation, "The Idea of Religious Toleration in Edmund Burke's Writings."

Mr. Basil O'Connell, Geneological Office, Dublin Castle, Dublin, Ireland, has published "Basis for a Pedigree of the Rt. Hon. Edmund Burke," in *Cork Historical Society Journal*, Vols. XL-VLI (1955-56). Mr. O'Connell is a direct descendant of Patrick Nagle of Ballyduff, uncle of Edmund Burke. He has also completed a geneological study of Edmund Burke and the Nagles, based upon all available eighteenth-century newspapers. Mr. O'Connell has given a talk at the Trinity College Dublin History Society, on the problems of Burke's genealogical background.

FOUNDATION FOR FOREIGN AFFAIRS SERIES

No. 1

Globe and Hemisphere — LATIN AMERICA'S PLACE IN THE POSTWAR FOREIGN RELATIONS OF THE UNITED STATES by J. Fred Rippy

Professor of History at the University of Chicago

An analysis of inter-American economic relations since the war and a plea for a return to the spirit of Pan-American solidarity. \$6.00

No. 2

Massive Retaliation — THE POLICY AND ITS CRITICS by Paul L. Peeters

Professor of Political Science at Iona College

An explanation of Massive Retaliation and its application, in terms of practical action, in United States foreign policy since its formulation by the late John Foster Dulles. \$5.00

No. 3

Peaceful Co-Existence — AN ANALYSIS OF SOVIET FOREIGN POLICY by Wladyslaw W. Kulski

Professor on International Relations at the Maxwell Graduate School of Citizenship and Public Affairs, Syracuse University

A study of Soviet foreign policy since the Revolution in which Professor Kulski, former Polish Minister to London, examines the possibility of peaceful co-existence. \$12.50



published by Henry Regnery Company in cooperation with
FOUNDATION FOR FOREIGN AFFAIRS, INC.
64 East Jackson Boulevard Chicago 4, Illinois

CORRESPONDENCE

SINCE YOU INVITE readers "to enter the free community of Modern Age more actively," perhaps I may venture a few friendly suggestions? My excuse is that I am in full sympathy with your aims and would like to see the influence of MODERN AGE extended. As a former correspondent, too, and managing editor of a conservative daily, I know some of the difficulties of advancing conservatism in the Century of the Common Pink, of advocating sane policies in the Era of Plausible Baloney!

In these days, most people have too much to read and the printed word, like drugs taken to excess, is losing its impact. To advance conservatism, therefore, I do not think we can pay too much attention to simplicity and clarity. Here, I suggest, we have not only a duty but also an opportunity because leftish writers are usually as fuzzy as they are verbose. . . .

If you agree with the importance of clarity and simplicity, I would suggest that MODERN AGE could usefully include some articles written in the simplest possible style. Your contributors have admirable ideas but, sometimes, seem too fond of abstract words and ponderous sentences.

Some of them, too, seem to assume that *all* their readers are scholars and share their knowledge of unfamiliar terms—and authors. This may give the average—and less cultured—readers—a feeling of incompetence, inferiority, or even impatience. To the busy reader, the idea is more important than its source and a brief paraphrase of the original is sufficient, unless the language is sufficiently striking to justify quotation.

I am all for scholarship and scholarly writing. But I suggest that MODERN AGE should make more allowance for a regrettably high proportion of readers who have

neither the background, the concentration nor the time to appreciate it. . . .

My final suggestion is, I know, by far the hardest to carry out: conservative writing need not always be solemn; and humor, satire and the witty attack can be most effective weapons of conservative policy, for so many of the opposition are humorless.

Nobody knows better than I that such writing is hard to find—I cannot suggest any writers. But, if it can be found, I know its popular appeal and its effectiveness. For, long ago, I was fortunate in knowing two great British conservative writers: Leo Maxse, Editor of the "National Review" and Ian Colvin, chief editorial writer of the London "Morning Post." Both are long since dead but the effect of their deadly wit, informed by a sound philosophy, on the radicals and socialists of those days is still remembered.

Such writers, perhaps, might be found among the younger men—among, say, contributors to college magazines. Too often, I fear, advancing age takes the sparkle out of writing or it may be that we become so inured to the ridiculous that we no longer see its humor. . . .

—EDWARD W. RUSSELL
Washington, D.C.

JUST FINISHED perusing the Winter issue. Congratulations on having the ability and moral integrity to stand for what you believe, the basic principles of conservatism. Especially enjoyed the introductory article on definitions et al.

I'm happy to say that I continually look to your review as a source of editorial material—keep up the good work.

—LARRY SMITH
Editor, Technology News, Chicago

LET ME EXPRESS my appreciation for Mr. Levitt's "Business and the Plural Society" [MODERN AGE, Spring, 1960]. I agree with most of what he said all too heartily, and enjoyed the gusto with which he said it.

Nevertheless, his central thesis just will not hold water. It would be nice if "The governing rule in industry *could* be that something is good only if it pays." Unfortunately, however, Mr. Levitt's statement of this rule gets us nowhere. One of the tragedies of business today is that it doesn't know what pays. What with long-range planning, favoritism in the defense industry, technical uncertainties, loss carry-forwards, diversification and shifts in the industrial patterns, group management, variation in accounting practices etc., the trend is toward increasing the difficulty of knowing what "pays."

No; Mr. Levitt's analysis, though good as far as it goes, does not go far enough. To apply conservative thinking to business should not be to take it back to that most unconservative of all centuries, the nineteenth. Either go farther back in history, or look at the phenomena of our times otherwise than in such a way as to see the institutions of business, government, unions clearly marked off from each other.

Myself, I think "business" is a meaningful concept. It should be other than simply another welfare institution. But it will require seminal thinking indeed to get at the meaning of business in the second half of the twentieth century. It will also require the perception, and the invention, of new forms. I hope Mr. Levitt can give them to us.

—STEPHEN B. MILES, JR.
Los Angeles, Calif.

FROM MID-CENTER HEART I thank you for yr re-print of Maestro Ezra Pound's "THE JEFFERSON-ADAMS LETTERS AS A

SHRINE & A MONUMENT [Spring, 1960]. A mere female cannot always understand what Grampa is saying because he does know so much about history & he has in large amount that intelligence nature gives her men. But a female can note that since your magazine printed Gramps words LETTERS FROM HERETOFORE TITTERING OR OVER-JOKING SKEPTICAL "GIRLS" WHO PASS FOR MEN IN THE WORLD—such males have now a SERIOUS TONE (Richard of St. Victor's SCIENTIAM VOCIS "knowledge of voice"); & each frivolous male among my correspondents who now have a serious tone to his letter is a male who also notes somewhere or other in his letter that Ezra's article was printed in your magazine.

My inborn female "knowledge of voice" tells me that nary none of 'em want or EVER want ANYbody ANYwhere to EVER EVER or ever say "slithery" about them. Don't know IF they catch ALL that Gramps is saying but do know that he's got them thinkin' & they've started their thinking on their own "voice" as it shows in their letters—and I thank you for what you have done. The process is this: one has power to either offer a man a standard to set his manhood upon; or offer him a means whereby he can murder it & forever after. That particular man who hath set his manhood upon a high standard will seek to offer that to others. The man who hath murdered his manhood will seek by tone of voice or manner or withholding of jobs or praise—in other words, in ANY way open to us humans—to make a sacrifice of the manhood of others to offer his master who taught him to murder his. Ezra hath set them a model of manhood that they can build upon IF IF IF IF IF it can be presented to them in some form that will reach them—and that is the job I'm praising you for.

—SHERI MARTINELLI
San Francisco, Calif.

NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS

George Romney is President of American Motors Corporation. His article, "The Challenge of the Sixties," is adapted from a speech he delivered before the Chicago Economic Club last December.

Paul Peeters is the author of *Massive Retaliation: The Policy and Its Critics* (Regnery, 1959).

Vyacheslav Artemiev, a former lieutenant colonel in the Soviet army, now lives in Stuttgart, Germany. Since leaving the USSR he has devoted his time to the writing of fiction and technical articles on military organization.

James Brophy, Assistant Professor of English at Iona College, New Rochelle, N.Y., is co-author with Henry Paolucci of *The Experiments of Gallileo*, soon to be published by Doubleday.

Geoffrey Wagner, critic, essayist, novelist, and teacher, lives in New York City. His latest novel, *Nicchia*, was published last year by John Day.

Peter Viereck, author of the Anvil pocketbook *Conservatism: From John Adams to Churchill*, as well as a Pulitzer Prize winner in Poetry, will publish in early 1961 his verse-play *The Tree Witch*, dealing with the issue of creativity-vs.-mechanization that he raises in our present Lindsay essay.

Dean Terrill, retired Vice-President and General Counsel of Kerr-McGee Oil Corporation, is also a director of the Institute of Philosophical and Historical Studies.

Stewart M. Robinson, Presbyterian minister and editor of a religious weekly, in Elizabeth, New Jersey, makes the political thought of the American colonial clergy his special study.

Walter E. Spahr is Executive Vice President and Treasurer of the Economists' National Committee on Monetary Policy.

Payarelal, for many years personal secretary to Mahatma Gandhi, lives in New Delhi, India. He is the author of a number of books on Gandhi and Indian nationalism, the latest of which is *Mahatma Gandhi: The Last Phase*. In his defense of Gandhi he is joined by *Ramashray Roy*, who holds a master's degree in international relations and diplomacy from the University of Allahabad, Uttar Pradesh, India, and is now studying for his doctorate at the University of California.

Our book reviews are contributed by *Stanley Parry* of Notre Dame University; *Felix Morley*, author of the recently published *Freedom and Federalism* (Regnery, 1959); *Ricard M. Weaver* of the University of Chicago; *Randall Stewart* of Vanderbilt University; *C. Carter Colwell* of Stetson University; and *Garry Wills*, with whom our readers are acquainted as a frequent contributor to *National Review*.

The poets in this issue are *Anthony Kerrigan*, better known as one of our most able translators of Spanish literary works; *John L'Heureux*, a graduate student at Weston College in Massachusetts; *Samuel Hazo*, whose book of poetry, *Discovery*, was recently published by Sheed and Ward; and *Jack Lindeman*, who edits the literary quarterly, *Whetstone*.

e
c

,

f

s
d

st

o
l
n

n,

h,
al

al

i,
he
is
nd
y-

lix
) ;
ni-
ur

ole
es-
ras
ry